The following pages were dictated to me by Sister Mary Mediatrix when I spent week ends in Beaverville for this purpose from January to May, 1941.

Sister Mary Catherine

## DEDICATION

put down in writing all that I secall in my life. Whatever be the difficulties connected with this task, I offer them in union with the great desire of Your most Secred Heart for the reign of Your Merciful Love in all souls throughout the world until the end of time. I place this work in the hands of our Immaculate Mother as I did my soul with all its miseries. Through her mediation may all who chance to read these pages love and thank the good, g od, "od for the love and mercy He has shown to pe, and may they surrender themselves unreservedly to his merciful love.

Ss. Mery Mediatry

I was born at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, Illinois, when my mother was twenty five years of age. She had prayed and waited four and a half years for me, and on Pentecost Sunday, June 4, 1911, I was placed in her arms. Two weeks later I was baptized at St. Ita's Church and named Frances Lillian, Frances for the saint of my birthday, St. Francis Carraccillo, and Lillian for my mother.

As long as I can remember my mother was an invalid and the first thoughtful moments of my child-hood were directed toward caring for her. Most of the time it was my father who prepared the meals and set yhe house in order. When leaving for work he would say, "Take good care of our little mother," and I would never leave her side. How much of my present life is attributable the her, though she was left to me such a short time! With simple childlike faith she never tired speaking to me of our dear Father in heaven and of Mary the mother so sweet and patient. I recall her telling me on one occasion when she was quite ill, that if God took her to heaven she would not worry about leaving me for He had let her

know that He Himself would take care of me since I was born on Pentecost, the day on which "He sent forth His Spirit."

The days of isolation with my mother were not tedious; to be near her filled me with contentment. The desire to playwith other children was not strong in me, yet I did enjoy their company when they came in after school. Whenever Mama was able she made cookies to treat them and together we spent a pleasant time. My first strong recollection dates back to just such an afternoon when I was a little more than three years old. Mama was not at all well, but forced herself to her feet to make cookies.

"When the little girls come in to-night, don't give them any cookies. We must keep them for Daddy because maybe I won't be able to make any for a long time."

The word 'don't' challenged my whole being.

I wondered what would happen if I did not do as I

was told. I had never been punished, yet I could

sense a consequence toacting contrary to Mema's wish.

I determined at all cost to find out what that would be.

Fearing the children might not come in this afternoon

I left Mama and went out on the porch to watch for them.

Calling them into the house I sent then into the room

where Mama was resting and came behind with the cookie

jar in my hands. With eyes riveted on my mother I

held out the jar.

"Here are some cookies for you." She did not speak but her glance pierced me and I knew I was guilty and had hubt her deeply. From that time on I knew definitely the difference between right and w wrong. She that made it clear to me how much I had hurt our dear Jesus and that He could not fully enjoy my heart if I did such things. To punish me she made me tell my father, and all my tearful pleadings not to do so were of no avail.

One of the most pleasant memories of my mother is connected with my going to bed. After I was tucked in and ready for the night Mama took my folded hands and held them in her own. I loved to link into her face as she closed her eyes and stood silent for a few moments.

"Mama, what are you thinking of?" I asked one might.

"I put your hands in Our Blessed Mother's

you eill understend. There must be no finger spots on "od's mirror." Her words impressed me end each night I gladly placed my hands in hers.

My mother's life must have been passed in close union with Our Lord for everything she did had itsreference to Him. When I wished to play house, she played with me and together we entertained the Foly Family. I was especially concerned about the Infant Jesus for I falt that he was smaller than I and needed all the care I could give Him.

Many times I was olbliged to go to church only with my
fether because Mema was unable to attend. I would
beg him to hurry so we could arrive early and occupy
a front seat. I wanted to be near the alter and see the
Host as the priest elevated it, for young as I was I
thrilled as I beheld it held on high for adoration.
By fether gratified my desires and Sunday after
Sunday saw us in the front pew so a child of four
could be nearer Jesus.

I could not have been much older than this when I was given to realize that I would have to suffer for my father. This knowledge came to me one morning when my mother was dressing me. My father came in to say good-bye before going to work but "ama did not respond. He leaned over to kiss me, but she would not allow it. Without saying anything he left. I burst into tears saying, "Mama, how could you be so cruel?"

"That is not being cruel. Your daddy was not good last night. Even when you are grown up and do what is not right, you must be punished. It was because I love your daddy that I did it." Thereafter whenever I was given something I liked very much I would give part of it back to my mother and tell her, "That is so Baddy will be good." Years later I learned he had spent the night out gambling.

often he and I went to Sunday mass alone,
because Mama was not able to attend. I would beg him
not to be late so we could sit up in Front of the church,
for even at that age a thrill of joy went through me
when the host was elevated.

My parents were very good to me and though

I was not a spoiled child they did their utmost to

please me. Since most little girls like dolls they bought me a beautiful one for my fourth birthday. loved it because of its beauty. I recall no other attraction for dolas: I was not inclined to fondle them as the majority of little girls do. I was in love with the beauty of this doll, and straightway took it to my heart naming it Peggy. But poor Peggy was destined to live but a few mothhs , for one day I dropped and broke her. I felt as if my heart had broken along with my doll and I was inconsolable. To lessen my grief my mother told me if I were real good maybe the Blessed Mother would send me a vaby doll that could really smile and cry and would be lovlier by far than the one I had just broken. When on September 29, 1915, I was told I had a sister, Mary Grace, I immediately called her Peggy. To me she was the promised soll and she has always kept her nick name on that account.

A short time after her birth my mother's sister, Aunt Grace, took me on a trip to St. Louis and to Cincinnatti. She became attached to me and later when Mama became very ill it was she who took both Peggy and myself to Louisville, Kentucky, till Mama should recuperate from an operation for goiter.

Three weeks after the operation she suddenly nd completely lost her sight. Later Daddy told us when he sympathized with her she replied, "O, Jack, it doesn't matter. If God has done this for me, it is only that I might see more of Him." After an examination the doctor found the condition due to a tumor on the brain saying the only hope of recovery was to remove the tumor: She died on the operating table August 6, 1919. We were not taken home for the funeral but remained with my Aunt until September 1920. This arrangement was not a happy one for at her marriage my aunt had given up her faith. We were not allowed to go to church of even to speak of God. At the time Pengy, who was but four, did not realize but I was seven and my soul hungered for the nearness to Him I had felt when with my mother. I longed for the hours when I could be alone so that I could kneel down to pray. I was then I began to talk to Our Lord in an intimate way as though He were a companion at my side. I often sought a secluded spot in the garden and with my pocket filled with pebbles from the driveway I would draw a rosary in the ground with a stick and as I said each Our Father and Hail Mary I dropped a pebble in one of the places marked for

the beads until I had finished. Such moments were the happiest I knew during this time. Every few months my father came to visit us for a week end and now I felt urged to tell him how I disliked being there. He said he would do what he could to vring us home. The fact that the poverty of our home had been exchanged for everything that money could procure did not make me happy; it could not fill the vacancy in my life but it made me long all the more for life as I had known it with my mother. I lived with her in spirit and took particular delight in the little secrifices

I made for Jesus because they were so hidden.

In September, 1920, my father brought us back to Chicago and we were placed at the Academy of Our Lady at 95th and Throop Street. His removing us from my aunt's care broke all relationship with her. While living at her home I had been taught to read and work with numbers so the principal placed me in the third grade room. This was the first time I had been in a school and I enjoyed it. The longing for a life close to Jesus was finding satisfaction again. After Thanksgiving vacation I was told that if I were

very good I could begin preparing for my first Holy
Communion. Every night after school the chaplain,
Father Tinen, took me for instructions. I can recall
at this time that afterthe others had received Our Lord
at mass I found much joy in uniting my love to theris.
I was allowed to make my first Holy Communion on the last
day of school before the Christmas holidays, December
22, 1920.

We spent our vacation with our paternal grandmother with whom my father was living. Christmes eve at supper Daddy told us he had a surprise for uswe were to have a new mother. Peggy clapped her hands in glee but I burst out into tears. he could not understand wky I should feel that way aut it was impossible to believe any one could be as good as my own mother. nor could I picture any one taking her place. But after he had spoken of my step-mother I realized that he loved her, and I determined to be as good to her as I could. We met her during the vacation but I felt no attraction for her. The holidays were happy and uneventful except for an attack of appendicitis on New Year's Eve which kept me from mass the following day.

When we returned to school we were asked if we had assisted at mass on all the days of obligation. I told Sister of the incident. On the next Saturday when we went to confession Sister met me as I was leaving the chapel and asked me of I had told Father I failed to attend mass. I told her no. She thereupon sent me back to tell him I had been to confession and omitted the sin of missing mass. Because I refused to do so, I was accused of disobedience and told I must go and confess that also. I stood in line again but was indignant. When Father opened the slide I burst into uncontrolable tears so he told me to go out and wait till every one had finished. Fathe called me outside the chapel and in Sister'ss presence asked me what the trouble was. I told him all. He asked why I didn't do as told. "Father, I was really sick; there was no sin and if I told you I committed one I would be lieing. When you were instructing me you told me that was just as wrong as hiding sins. I haven't hurt God and I know it." "e leaned down, put his arm around me, told me to go back to the chapel, kneel before Our Blessed Mother and ask her, please, always to keep my mind and heart as clear as that. Sister never alluded to it again.

After the January examinations I was put in

the fourth grade. In June we went home to live with Daddy and our step-mother and in September I enrolled in the perochial school of Our Lady of Mercy taught by the Providence Sisters.

Life with my step-mother was far from happy. Her love for my father was selfish and she could not bear to see him lavish any attention or affection on Peggy or myself. My sister chose to live with my grandmother but I stayed on at home. Fits of jealousy would send her into a rage which ended in a spell of nagging lasting sometimes for several days. My father would come home to hear the same complaints he had listened to in the morning, and with the next rising he was again assailed with the same tales. This was unbearable and when too prolonged he would simply remain away from home. At times he gambled and again he would go to a hotel where alone in a room he drank to intoxication to forget the unpleasant situation at home.

I must have been about twelve when my spepmother told me of my father's faults. I said nothing
but taxed my mind to find ways and means of promoting
peace. On one occasion when my father returned I took

\$500 from his pocket and hid it in an old shoe. He never mentioned ix the disappearance of the money mor did I till one day when my step-mother was scolding because she had no money to pay the rent. I sought out my father alone and handed him the five hundred dollars.

"Where did you get that, lover?" Then I told him all, I knew and what I had done. "Don't do that again." That was all he said. There was perfect understanding between my father and myself but our love was never openly expressed. It was better so, yet its very silence intensified it and made it precious.

company and befause of his gracious ways and happy disposition he was sent to deal with men of wealth. He handled the big policies of the company and when he sold one his commission was considerable. At such times we had plenty and his generous nature spent money freely. His time being his own he was at liberty to go to the office at his own convenience which meant that he frequently was at the Board of Trade of at the races. By step-mother of course disapproved of his doings and in consequence home life became less and less attractive.

Whenever I could find a few minutes to myself I would pick up the lives of the saints. I was attracted to their way of life and loved to read of their mortification and sacrifice for the salvation of souls. In my heart I felt a desire to do likewise, to prove my love of God in this way and if possible obtain grace for my father to overcome his weakness that peace might reign in the family. I promised Our Lord to do without sweets of any kind for a year. I would not give up candy only, that seemed to me a half measure, I must do the whole thing, therefore I would not indulge in sweets of any kind. I also refrained from showing any affection bixanyxking for my father or speaking to him when my step-mother was in the house. This sacrifice I offered for the much desired peace. Regardless how she treated me in his absence I refrained from repeating anything to him for the same reason. She seemed jealous of anyone's attention to me and claimed all my time outside school hours so that I had no recreation, not even the divergence of a school activity. Little by little this became a joy because, I reasoned, He was allowing me to behin a religious life in giving up the amusements

of the world. In giving up the companionship of my father I experienced an "aloneness" in an intense degree. One n night while kneeling beside my bed Our Lord permitted me to realize His loneliness in the tabernacle. He asked that I offer these hours in union with him. I was happy to share His sorrow and because I was willing to suffer He came again to beg a greater secrifice. This occured during the fall. It so chanced that my father did not return one evening for supper. About 9:30 my step-mother told me that since he did not care to come home I could leave too, with such a father I was no better than he and if he had no concern for me why should she bother about me? I found myself alone on the street, not knowing where to gol I walked to church but athat was licked so I continued walking. The bitterness in my heart was intense and in my indignation and anger I told God to let anything happen to me because I was no good. I walked and walked and at twenty minutes pest twelve found myself in front of a drug store not far from home. Outside stairs led up to the flat above and I concluded the place safe to spend the rest of the night, ao there Isat till Mass time.

In the stillness ofthese endless hours I had time to quiet my rebellious feelings. In my loneliness I thought of His loneliness and offered my sorrow with His.

The joy of each day was to see what new thing I might secrifice to make our Lord happy and I became very conscious of the moral strength received from fasting and abstaining. It gave me the necessary powert to keep myself under control in dealing with my step-mother, for by nature I was strong tempered

with an inclination to retort.

On May seventeenth, 1923, I was confirmed by Bishop Hoban. From the time of my first Holy Communion I had been a daily communicant and was convinced that God was to be my only love, that I was called to be a religious. I longed to give myself to Him completely but the two religious communities which I knew had no appeal for me. Just before my confirmation I had been given a pamphlet on the life of the Little Flower and reading fo her days in Carmel I was certain this was where God meant me to be also. I told her then that I could not give myself to Him soon enough, I would like to enter Carmel at fifteen as she did. Should it take the Pope's permission to do so I feared I could never obtain it yet since she was a saint she should arrange things with God for me and make possible all her desires for me. The following October we moved to St. Ignatius parish where I completed my grade school education with the Sisters of the Holy Child. Mother St. "awrence gave me even a greater love for secriféce than I had ever known. She explained humility to me and suggested difficult practices which I accepted eagerly. For instance, in order to teach me self-control under injustice, she repri manded me into without cause and once put me in the corner for the misdemeanor of another. While I was there the pastor entered but no explanation was given. He doubtless thought me guilty and I must bear the shame. Only God could know of my innocnece.

When the elections for Frefect of the Godality came I obtained an almost unanimous vote but

Mother refused to recognize my election. She told the
class I did not degerve the honor and the most she would
do for me was to allow me to be assistant prefect. In
this I did not feel the thrill of sacrifice but was
deeply hurt. However, I admired her ability to think
of such great things for Our Lord. After a long struggle
I rejoiced that He had something fo me that really cost.

I was graduated from eighth grade in June, 1925. During the spring of that year I had written to the Carmel of Bettendorf, Dowa, and my director, Father Long, a secular priest, had written to the Carmel of St. Louis; both refused me because of my age. Shortly after I wrote to the Carmel of Buffalo, New York, but

However my hopes never wavered. I simply kept reminding God of how much it would mean if He would allow me to enter Carmel as soon as possible.

On August 22, while on a vacation I was operated on for a ruptured appendix, at Watertown Wisconsin. As a result my entrance into Immaculata High School was postponed untill October 20.

Relations at home were more strained than ever; it seemed everything I did annoyed my step-mother even my going to church. So again for the sake of peace I tried not to let her become irritated on my account. Without saying anything I left the house to beceive at just in time the last parish mass and arrive at school without being late. This meant going without breakfast but with Him I could endure that.

The second week of November I was elected as the Freshman promoter for the League of the Sacred Heart. When the Eucharist Congress took place in the spring the four promoters of the League were granted an interview with Cardinal O'Connellfrom Ireland. Each girl knelt to receive his blessing and kiss his ring Before leaving, the parlor. Since I was only a freshman I came

last and the Cardinal took time to speak to me.

"What are you going to de in life?"

"I'm going to be a sister, Your Excellency."

"What kind of a sister?"

"A Carmelite."

"Why that?"

"Because one can give herself more completely in a cloistered order."

"However, you shall join an active order."

"I have no inclination whatsoever to an active order, Your Excellency."

"You will seen nevertheless, that what I am saying will come true." Time proved the verity of his words.

The second memory of my high school days is not such a pleasant one. In my sophomore year I felt little sympathy for my teacher and frequently enough fooled away my time and talked; however, when we were left on our honor I was well behaved. I t so happendd one afternoon that believe he and when weekly reports were given out she handed me a blue spip which meant I was not eligible

for the nonor roll. To take this home was a disgrace so I left it in my desk. When asked for it the next week I signed my father's mame to it and handed it back. That night the phone rang and a wonan's voice I well knew asked for my father.

"He is not in."

"May I speak to your mother?"

"She is not in either. May I take a message?"

"No, no message."

The next morning a knock at the school room door called Sister out. Then I was called and there stood my father. I was obliged to confess my misdemeanor and on my knees apologize for what I had done.

## CHAPTER LL

In Merch, 1927, during the novena to St. Francis Kavier, which I always made in particular for spiritual favors. I returned home one afternoon from school to find a letter addressed to me from Altoona, Pensylvania. Reverend Mother Stl Joseph of a newly founded Carmel had been given my name by the Buffalo Carmel. If I were still interested in entering she would be glad to hear from me. I wrote immediately telling her of my desire to do so; she replied that she would be happy to accept me. Would I specify when I chose to come? He r desire was that I come after Lent. I spoke to my father and though he knew that to enter Cermel was my one wish he frared I was acting on an impulse to leave home because of unpleasant conditions. I assured him that such was not the five case so he gave his consent.

There was delay in obtaining my certificate wrote of confirmation but Reverend Mother Joseph told me that it would be satisfactory if I brought all the required papers when I came instead of sending them in advance. She had also stated that in honor of the five

lants without the required dowry of two thousand dollars.

For me this was indeed Davine Providence. The date

for my entrance was set for May 13, 1927. My step
mother accompanied me the monastery. As soon as Reverend Mother had greeted us she turned to me and asked,

"But how old are you, my child?"
"Fifteen, Reverend Mother."

"Bur I cannot accept you; it is against canon law to accept one of your age."

The list of names EXEXHARXBEEN given by the Buffalo Carmel had by some mistake put eighteen years after my name. Reverend Mother called Bishop McCort to ask if my mother and I might go to see him. He was most kind and after speaking to me at length he said.

"I, myself, started out in God's service at fifteen years of age and I think you can too. Go back and tell Reverend Mother to lock you up!"

We returned to Carmel and after being clothed in the postulant's garb and givne the name of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, I returned to the

perlor to bid my mother good-bye. Reverend Mother, the Mistress of Novices and two other postulants made up the community.

Because of the sacrifices made at home and at school I found no difficulty in community life. The diversities of character were no obastele to my peace for accustomed as I was to adjust to other's ideas and habits I found it easy to live in Carmel. Once within itswalls I was like a bird out of a cage. There was no longer need for suppression of feeling, concealment of thought, there was only a complete giving of self. I responded to the routine, to the religious exercises, and to the work with a spontaneous joy. I was happy in waht I did nad that was all-pure unalloyed blissthe happiness fo a chold loving in perfect contentment. I had no difficulties, no sorrows, no temptations. Penance was no trial to me; I had an insatiable thirst for it which made me ask for the extraordinary and obtain it. Work was never irksome to tme. I enjoyed it and offered myself readily and wholeheartedly for anything that was to be done; and my services were accepted gladly.

On the twenty fourth of November, six nonths after my entrance, I with three others received the holy habit. My father , Peggy, and my holf-sister Margaret attended the ceremony, the latter delighted to be my flower girl. They were there for the day and since that is the only occesion on which the enclosure is suspended we are wllowed to termin outside the cloister in the extern quarters from the time of mass untill the derenty et three in the afternoon. Vinner was served us in a private dining room so we might have the pleasure of a family reunion. For the first time in years I thoroughly enjoyed my father's company since the absence of my step-mother permitted both of us to be ourselves. I had no need of telling him & was happy for he read it in all I said and did. How he knew beyond doubt that I had entered because I really loved God. Though I had enjoyed seeing my father and sharing my life at Cormel with him. I did not pine at his leaving. My own peaceful life beckened and I became ag in wholly absorbed in the interests of the cloister.

There was much work to be done for we were remodeling our frame building in the semblance of a monastery. Partitions were erected, broken plaster torn down and replaced, floors and woodwork scraped and varnished, the basement floor cemented. Days did not suffice for all this work and often the mistress and I extended our working hours until morning. Three hours of speep from two till five, prepared us for the next day's labor. By the second spring we thought all complete only to find that the slope of the basement floor was not sufficient to carry off the water that trickled in from the mountain streams formed of melting snow. There was nothing to do but take a pixk axe and break

the cement from the lour corners of the floor to the center drain forming deep grooves for the water. For five days this steady breaking continued, then intense active work was at an end. It had furnished us a temporary monastery. All this activity was necessary but it had perforce left us without the quiet and prayer of a contemplative life. My first years in Carmel did not teach me what cloistered life really was. In later years my absorption in activity would bear iss bitter fruit. My spiritual life consisted in the sacrifice of my strength and the ttendance at regular religious exercises. The full meaning of a Carmelite vocation-union with God by recollection and intense interior livingwas not grasped. My spiritual relations with my superiors never went beyond the customary avowal of infractions and the acceptance of imposed penance. Spiritual direction as such, wherein one's inclinations and aspirations are revealed wax and directed was not customary. I had no occasion to open my soul to show its dongings and possibilities that they might be fostered and nuttured to strong virtue. Nothing of all this was offered me and I gleaned none of it from our spiritual readings.

However, there was plausible reason for such a situation. As I stated before the community consisted of Reverend Mother, Mother Mistress and three postulants. Reverend Mother, though of French birth, was a graduate of T Trinity College, Washington, and possessed a perfect commend of the English language; Mother Mistress, also French, was unable to speak a work of English. To Raverend Mother of necessity fell the business side of the community and her duties kept her well occupied. Seldom did she have time to give us. Her knowledge of us was confined to reports from Nother Misteress. As the the latter she made herself understood by signs and I being younger than the others by ten years had much genuine fun in this sign language. I was simply the youngest child of the house, loved and spoiled as such and very content to be the Benjamin of Cermel . Such conditions did not fost er in me an intense interior life.

Due to the fact that we had no lay sisters for the laundry and kitchen, each choir sister took a weekly turn at these tasks. After two months of postulancy when it became evident that my step-mother had taught me to work well I was permanently assigned

the role of cook. Along with this it was my responsibility to make the alter breads for the several parishes of the diocese. The requests increased so that with the regular cooking i made, cut and packed on the average of a hundred thousand small hosts and four hundred large ones per week. Besides this I was often asked to relieve Mother Mistress of her duties as sacristan. When I could find time I helped with make trousseaus, weave sandals from hemp, and make vestments both for the monsastery and for sale. I loved this work and before my profession asked Reverend Mother to become a lay sister. Reverend Mother appreciated my willingness to take the tasks of a lay sister but refused saying that my ability to recite the divine office and my spirit of prayer were the marks St. Teresa required of a choir sister. So I continued my double duties of lay and choir sister with the inderstanding that as soon as a law sister entered I would be assigned choir duties only.

My novice days were coming to an end, but if I made profession in November, my solemn vows would come before my twenty first birthday so my profession was postponed to June 24, 1929, feast of St John Baptist.

At this time a new applicant, a Miss Schwab, presented herself for admission. She had been a daughter of Mother Seton for thirty three years and now would join us in Carmel. Through her brother a new Carmel was erected at Loretta Pensylvania, the ground having been donated by the Franciscan Fathers in consideration for our having taken care of the church linens gratis. Our frame building int the residential district had afforded us no privacy; now we were to have a monastery built in the seclusion of a mountain top and in accord with the regulations of St. Theresa.

Carmel I seemed tolose my former vigor. The local doctor diagnosed my condition as one of fatigue aggrevated by adjustment to mountain climate. The required days of rest did not better my conditions in November, 1930, Reverand Mother called the Superior of Mercy Hospital, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, asking her to send a remaining reliable physician to Carmel. Dr. Wm. C. Ready was sent. He prescribed immediate hospitalization for surgery. During the eleven months I spent there I underwent three operations and two days after the last one was annointed.

Because I was a Carmellte much attention
was lavished upon me by the sisters, nurses, and docbors. Despite all this God strengthened me and gave me
the grace never to be unfaithful to an inspiration of
mortification or fidelity to my religious exercises
when well enough to read and pray. But not having
cultivated an intense interior life I was at a loss how
to spend my sleepless nights in prayer. Then light
reading matter was offered me I accepted it readily.

By September, 1931, the Poctors pronounced

me well enough to return to the monastery infirmary. Now I realized that my place in the community had been filled by others, and I was no longer essential to its smooth functioning. Even Mother Mistress did not seem to need my continued assistance. I begged to resume regular life but was not permitted to do so, for the doctor had ordered complete rest. I felt able to be about and found myself with days upon my hands and nothing to do. One afternoon I amused mysslf with a pencil putting shadows under my eyes. No one seemed to notice and I repeated this eve y afternoon, for about two weeks. My motive in so doing was that Mother Mistress would notice my loneliness and spend some time with me,

but I was greatly mistaken. Had I been more interior I would have found max occupation in prayer and spiritual reading but want of interior life was about to
bring forth its bitter fruit.

On the afternoon of December seventh, Mother Mistress came to me saying Reverend Mother wished to see me. I could see that she had been crying and my first impression was that Reverend Mother, who had been confined to bed, by a paraletic co ndition, had either grown worse or was in some difficulty. I was accustomed to discuss problems with her and was not surprised that she called for me. When I reached her room I found her too in tears. I knelt beside her bed and uger after and and a few moments of silence she said to em, "My child, at this moment I believe I am experiencing the greatest sorrow in my life. I can no longer keep you in Carmel. It has been arranged for you to leave this afternoon. Why were you ever so foolish? Mou will never realize how this community has loved you. Let me give you my blessing for the last time and after you have thought things over be as generous in your reparation as you have been in your secrifice for outhers." She put her arm around me and drew me to her to kiss me goodbye.

I was absolutely speechless: I had never given a thought to leaving Carmel and had never thought there might be consequences to my levity. While helping me prepare to leave. Nother Mistress spoke to me and questioned me on several things, but I do not recall making any replies. My ticket had been purchased and I was given fifteen dollars in corrency. My family had been wired of my arrival the following morning. when parting at the cloister door Mother Mistress again spoke of the love they had for me saying they would always pray for me, especially to the intention that I would refind myself in the vineyard of the Lord because without a doubt I had a vocation. I was driven to the train accompanied by Sister Immaculate, the extern.

the consciousn ess of God's presence. My religious life had been so completely absorbed min activity, I had so taken everything for granted that seldom did I recall the thought of God-God to whom I had once dedicated my life. What loneliness and heart ache I had caused Him; how much more poignant his grief after singling me out for the highest of all vocations-Carmel. This well merited punishment threw me at His feet and

for the first time I knew Christ's closeness, knew His tremendous love and how I had abused it. How can I describe the love I felt at this moment? It was a participation in His hunger for a wayward soul, His all embracing love that accepts our wretchedness and repairs our sinfulness. I was deeply penetrated with the pain I had caused Him, but I suffered no repreach from his neglected love. he did not repel me but drew me close, oh, so close to Himself. I could not fear; I could not doubt; rather I was forced to surrender to him completely. to cast myself completely into His keeping. I knew so thoroughly in this moment my need for God, the impossibility of living without Him. I boarded the train at four thirty in the fternoon of December sewenth, and did not arrive in hicago untill eight o'clock the following morning. I remember nothing of the trip except the sensation of being folded in the arms of Christ, in the security of his redemptive love. Over and over I repeated, "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

## CHEPTER III

when I arrived at hte Union Depot in Chicago. I looked invain for someone from home. After half an hour's wait the thought of St. Peter's church came to mind. That was the refuge of great sinners and I would go there to confession. Not knowing my way around the city I called a taxi. Though Mass was going on when I entered I noticed a line at one of the confessionals so I immediately took my place. Without any confusion I poured out my soul's sorrow. Father questioned me upon my whole life and as he splke I experienced in him the same kindness of 'hrist with which I had been cherished the previous night. He assured me again of my vocation but through this infidelity he realized the designs of Providence to draw me into a closer intimacy with Him. Though I felt I had sinned mortally he assured me I was not so guilty and even added that from henceforth I should eliminate the reference to the fear of hell in making my act of contrition; henceforth my act of repentance should be one of pure love. After this I heard Mass and received Holy Communion.

I was as much at a loss of find my way home

Taxi. My father answered the bell and the usurprise on his face told me he had not received the wire from Carmel announcing my return. According to the advice of the priest at St. Peter's I gave my poor state of health as the reason for my dismissel. There was no room to doubt this statement for my physical condition was far from good. If my health was poor so was my father's and I realized from his appearance he had been resorting again to the use of lighter to forget his sorrows.

That night he and I went to St. Ignatius

Church for services and afterwards while walking home

I told him the whole story of my dismissal. He was

profoundly affected and I was surprised that he did not

reproach me but accepted it as a punishment of his own

frailty. Of his own accord he went to confession the

following day and from then on became a daily communicant

and abstained totally from the use of liquor.

The depression had greatly changed home conditions and the money I had left from my trip was considered a real blessing to buy food. Because of scarcity of money the rent had not been paid for

several months and it was only through the kindness of the landlord that we were allowed to remain in the apartment. The commision my father should have received from the sale of insurance policies was held in the bank because of the financial crisis over all the country. With a family to feed under such circumstances money was budgeted very closely. I succeeded in finding work in a family where I was paid ten dollars a week to care for a crippled child. This I gave to my father but it could not stay off creditors. Within a month the flat was abandoned. My step-mother took the children to Wisconsin to her home and my father went to live with his mother. My wages were then divided, five dollars to my step-mother and five dollars to my father. During the six months that this situation existed I did not keep more that n five dollars of my wages for incidnetal expenses.

In September my step-mother was to return to Chicago so the children could resume their schooling.

Finding no one at the train when she arrived she walked through the station to take a car home. On one of the benches she saw my father doubled in pain, and being a

nurse she knew his condition to be critical. He was brought to the family doctor who immediately took him himself to the Alexian Brothers' Hospital. It was several months before his condition was diagnosed as a streptococic infection in the blood stream and an abscessed liver. Despite all this trouble and poverty God cared for us and we never wanted for food. The St. Vincent de Paul Society sew to all our needs and provided us with the means of sustenance. God, who men do all things put in the hearts of others his own divine charity so that friends and acquaintances sent us gifts and checks which seemed to be timed, so opportunely did they come whenever bills or rent was due.

was free from work I spent my time home doing the washing, ironing, and mending. One day after my father had been at the hospital about three m nths I spent my free afternoon with him. My ster-mother was most angry and told me if I wanted to help I could stay home and work instead of going to the hospital to persuade my father to make his insurance policy over to my sister Peggy and myself. When I saw that my her jealousy was

My father was allowed to be home for two weeks at Christmas. I avoided being alone with him for the sake of peace but one day we did chance to find ourselves together. I knelt beside him end ley my head on his shoulder, "Things are just as they used to be, aren't they lover? " That was all he said but I knew he understood my seeming neglect.

After the holidays he was brought to St. Mary of Mazereth Hospitel where my step-mother had taken her training: here she could have the opportunity of nursing him. It was during the holiday sesson that I had asked Our Lard if it would not be detrimental to my father's soul to let him die on the nineteenth of Merch. I would take the granting of this favor as proof that he was in the state of grace and that his sufferings were pleasing to God. Our Lord granted me my request and he died on warch nineteenth, 1933, after having received all the sacrements. My step-mother was at the hospital for the last four days of his illness but I saw my father for the last time at Christmas when I bid him good-bye as he left home. Both of us felt this privation keenly

but it was easier to suffer silently and in peace than to endure outbursts of engry jealousy. His death was no occasion of sorrow to me but one of rejoicing that his trials were over and his soul safe with God.

Because my f ther's illness necessitated my step-mother's being owny nights at the hospital I had given up my work. I remained home till May to enable my step-mother to take care of my father's insurance and regulate other financial matters. My father's absence in no way put a stop to jealous outbreeks. I was to have nothing from the insurance; no allowance was to be given me; I was to have no friends visit me nor was I to visit them; my placein the family was that of a servent to serve her five children ranging in age from eleven to four and to do the work. The injustice of all this was sore than I could beer and since my conduct could no longer be a teapon in her hands to hurt my father I loosed my tongue and told her all I thought in cutting words. Under such circumstances our relationships could not improve. left home end went to live with my grandmother and my sister Peggy.

Just at this time my Aunt Grace who had cared for me as a child offered to pay for the com-

pletion of my education, but she stipulated that I give up all religious practice as long as she was caring for me. Much as I wanted to continue my schooling I was u unable to accept such conditions andrefused her offer. I found employment again this time in a Jewish family where I cared for their children. Here no interference was put on my religious practices so that I was able to attend daily mass and receive Holy Communion. My evening hours were devoted to prayer which intensified my love for the Passion, an attraction I had received x some months previous while praying in St. Ignatius Church. This attraction was given me, I believe, for fidelity during trials. During the Lent previous to my father's death I suffered severe temptations against faith. When I manifested these to Father Dineen, S.J. the pastor, he bade me omit no communion because of them but on the contrary to be faithful to my daily reception. Moreover, I was to spend what time I could before the tabernacle to console Our Lord and compassionate His loneliness. My feelings were to be disregarded and even though I waw unable to pray as I might like to do, I should remain nevertheless in church. Coupled with this, I had a strong urge to

resume extraordinary penance; this was not permitted me.

One Sunday while seated in the front of the church I picked up a book, opened it at random and my eyes fell on the words, "the engel of the agony."

I felt definitely that that was what God meant me to e be to Him-I who had caused Him so much suffering should compassionate Him in the anguish of the loss of souls.

At the same time He gave me a conviction that I should die a religious—where, I did not know, but this assurance sustained me in my future trials.

cross daily either at church ir in my room on my crucifix. In my spriitual condition I was strengely inclined toward this practice but not from feeling or emotion. I was wholly without senti ment but within me was a stillness which permitted Him to speak and make the way of the cross as I accompanied. The words that I formulated were not my own but the expression of my particular participation in His sorrow because of me. It was He making the way of the cross; He was taking me along the path He travelled for me. I simply followed and lived what His human memory of me placed in my soul.

Shortly after He began praying thus within me. He drew me into a closer participation of His moral suffering from the agony to the crucifixion. It was only after some time that I realized this was happening at regular intervals. On Thursday between five thirty and six I felt I was drawn into the very Being of Christ with a realization that my Oneness with Him was in being the grief of His mind and the anguish of His heart. His infinite love accepted all of my misery so that before the Eternal Father I was no longer an outcast The intimacy and tenderness of this merciful love drew me deeper into His heart so that I longed to share with other souls that which was given to me. I was not simply desiring this from my own volition but it was His consuming desire within me that made me yearn that all souls might be brought to this realization and throw themselves into His merciful love. The past no longer held any fears for me and whatever the future held by way of sorrows or trials I knew in His love He provided thess that I might make reparation for the abuse of His love.

God had become sufficient to tme and outside the family circle I had no friends except one, a novice

at Holy Family Academy, ax Beaverville, Illinois, who had entered the Congregation of the Sisters, Servants of the Holy Heart of "ary. In writing to tme she had repeatedly tried to interest me in her community since she knew of my continued desire to enter a religious community. Her suggestion met with no response in my soul because I could not imagine mys lf in an active congregation where I would be obliged to contact seculars. My desire was for seclusion and I did not see that my soul would be satisfied outside the choister. However, Sister St. Sebastian repeatedly told the navice mistress I would adjust and be happy so one day she penned a note on "ister's letter to me asking for the address of Carmel. I sent it to her feeling assured that the reply from Carmel would end the matter.

When next I visited Sister I had an interview whti Mother St. homas, the novice mistress and Rev.

Mother St. Claire the Brovincial Superior. I was aware that both of them wished me to admit my misdemeanor
in Carmel but knowing that they had the facts from
Carmel and only hinted for information instead of asking
outright, I closed my mount stubbornly. Yet the more

I legrned of the Congregation the more I loved it and felt drawn to enter it. The resentment I felt in my first interview had lessened yet I felt that I must subdue the last vestige of stubborn pride that was holding me out of the vineyard of the Lord. I distinctly heard these words uttered in my soul, "Lovest thou Me?" and I enswered, "Yes, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Time revealed that like Peter I was to make a three fold acknowledgement of my love. Finally I arranged to meet Reverend Mother St. Claire in Chicago and then I exposed fully the reason for my dismissal from Cormel. She advised me to write all I had told her to Mother St. Thomas and confide my present desire of entering to the Sacred Heart. Our Lord blessed my humble obedience and made my entrance possible for January 29. 1935.



## CHAPTER IV

I was again in the house of the Lord and I was most happy to learn the next morning at prayer that the foundress of Carmel, St. Teresa of Avila, was a patroness of this order and invoked daily. I felt that though I were outwardly no longer known as her daughter she still protected me and watched over the interests of my soul. She had drawn me to a community where the interior life was strongly cultivated. The first impression I had of the novitiate was one of intense recollection filled with the spirit of Christ. I realized that this was what I had longed for in Carmel but never found. My fear of entering an active community was completely dispelled. I understood perfectly how the interior life dominates and animates all that is done; the activity becomes the expression of God's living in and directing of souls. Then I received the postulant bonnet on February third, I was aware of being enfolded in the arms of God the Rather as his prodigal child to whom lie had forgiven all. I faced the future with the loving assurance of His fetherly love and guidance.

But this assurance He reserved to His dealings with me and I was not to feel it in the attitude of my novice mistress. I had a strong conviction that whater befell me by way of suffering or misunderstanding was what I deserved and if accepted in a penetential spirit would purge me of self and my inclination to human respect, the defect that had cuased Him so much pain.

The following incident made me realize how Our Lord would assist me in repairing my past. A senior novice is always appointed as "guardian angel" to a new postulent and introduces her to the customs end habits of the novitiate. On Saturday, Sister St. Sebastian, my angel, told me I should ask permission to take a bath and wash my hair. Supposing one permission covered both I merely said, "Mother, please may I go take my bath?E Later Mother noticed my heir and asked in I washed my head. "Yes, Mother." "Don't begin immediately to do deceitful and underhanded things." I was cut to the quick and felt the impulse to justify myself for as far as my judgment to the matter went I did not feel guilty But immediately the realization came that I did not deserve to be trusted and I remained silent.

But despite my knowing that misunderstudings would take place between Mother St. Thomas and myself I felt a strong attraction to her spirituality. Whenever Mother spoke at conference I felt as if we were one. but any personal contacts I had with her not only gave me the impression that she had no use for me but also made me feel I was revelled by God. In the normal course of a movice's life the direction of the mistress. accepted in a spirit of faith, brings peace and consolation, but with me it was not so; the Father wished me to know that He alone would bring me this blessing of His merciful love, and that my dealings with his appointed representitive would be a pungation that I mi ght grow pure in His sight alone. I saw in this my opportunity of repairing my purely natural enjoyment of creatures in Carmel and gave the Father perfect freedom to deal with me as he chose.

I had been in the novitiate but a month when Mother St. Thomas obtained permission to go to France and Mother Rose May, principal of the Academy, was named to replace her during her absence. Our Lord now made me know that the pargation to be affected under

Mother St. Thomas would be suspended for the time being and my soul would be strengthened through Mother Rose Mary forwhat was to come.

one of fear, but that was soon dispelled. The first evening she spent with us in the wovitiate was very pleasant and before recreation whosed she called meto her and said, "I think Our Lord loves you very much. He is confiding his little children to you for it has been decided that you will replace in first and see and grades for Sister Mary Sophie who was sent to the hospitel to-day." My joy at the opportunity of working with little ones was a surprise to Mother lose Mary. "Why are you so happy?" "I am happy because after the Holy Eucharist, it is in the soul of a child that one can realize Christ's presence most completely."

After night prayer Mother took me to the class room to prepare the next day(s lessons. I realized then and there that hherewould be a bond of perfect understanding between Mother Rose Mary and myself.

Her explanation of how to teach catechism and the Divine Indwelling to little ones made me know that God had

children, not through he own eyes, but with his and it was his interests that we e uppermost in her mind.

Inwas most anxious to carry out all her suggestions that Jesus might grow in these souls. When, one afternoon, a little boy was naughty, I called him to my desk to reprove him. As a punishment, I bade him to to Nother Rose Mary after class and confess his misdemeanor. He seemed very contrite and as he walked to his desk I feared I had been unduly harsh and should not have here told him to go to Mother. I walked over to close the partly open door and there tood Mother laughing. "After the little boy has confresed his wrong, send his postula tn-teacher to the office to learn how to reprimand a child." Then Richard demper, the offender piped out, "What's the matter, wiss Frances? A minute ago you were so white, now you are so red."

The postulant-teacher was not loathe to go
to the office. After some few minutes of talk Mother said,
"Attendant of talk Mothe

with His very own love for little ones, and it was just as if He used meto convey it to them. In their response to my teaching I felt the joy that He must have known when He said, "Suffer the little ones to come to me for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Mother then remarked that I seemed to be unusually recollected from Thursday evening to Friday afternoon. Had I noticed it?

"I am strongly aware of ti but I did not think it was apparent of others."

"Do you put forth more effort on those days?"

"No, Mother, There is absolutely no activity of my own in my soul during that period. Jesus seems to take complete possession of my soul and I am united with Him in what He experienced from the begin-ing of the last Supper until His death upon the cross."

"But it is impossible to teach class and think of that too."

"On the contrary, it is quite possible.

My recollection does not affect my work. While He keeps
me entirely united with His action in my soul, He allows
me the freedom necessary to perform my duties. Durning
this period I am conscious of grace flowing from Him
through me to souls increater abundance that at any
other time. It is not just for the souls I contact.

He has made me conscious thay these graces flow like a torrent down a monntain side. Perhaps a few may see it as it flows from Him through me but there are thousands in the valley who will benifit by it without seeing or knowing its source. "

The love of the passion that Our Lord instilled into me during these experiences made me more zealous with the children, especially during Lent. The idea of reparation was difficult to present to little ones who knew nothing of serious sin, so instead of repairing wrong we so lived that this year Jesus would have no passion to suffer. Then we presented our good deeds to Our Lady as an Easter gift. What greater happiness could we give her the n spare her Jesus Suffering? Accordingly we began our Lent with a resolution to practice whedience virtue. On the board were drawn the six instruments of the passion, the nails, the crown of thorns, the scourge, the spear, the cross, the sponge. By our obedience the first week we spared Jesus the nails and effaced them from the board. Each Friday one more instrument disappeared and in case some of us had been negligent in the week's birtue we made a visit to the chapel to tell Jesus we were sorry for not being as

good as we might have been, and we resolved to try
harder the coming week. The last day of Lent the class we
went again to the chapel to make their offering to
the Blessed Mother. They had spared Jesus His passion
and Robert Arseneau read the prayer to Our Lady.

Dear Blessed Mother, we your very own little children, have come to offer you on this day, the Easter present we so lovingly prepared for you. We learn to love more and more every day your dear son Jesus. whom you placed in the little crib of our hearts at the moment of baptism. Every day He has been growing there; His love, and goodness, and kindness has filled our learts, so that we wish to love you even as He did. We knew nothing would nake you happies thann to see us sweet and gentle to your little Jesus, to do nothing that would hurt Him. or let others make Him suffer. How bad you must have felt when you saw Him all torn and bleeding, hanging on that awful cross; with no one to help Him or stop those cruel men who nailed Him there. We have felt truly sorry for you. Mary, so during the time of Lent we very lovingly and hoyfully did many good acts to take away the whip, the crown of throns,

the spear, the nails, and the cross, which gave Him so much pain and nade Him die, and made your poor heart ache, oh so very much. We've wanted this to be one of the happiest Easter days you've had, dear Mother, and so we offer to you all these good actions, that your beautiful Jesus in our little hearts may be kept from all that is hurtful. Please always help us to be pure and sweet and happy so that the sunshine of our smile will tell others that Jeusu is living in our hearts; then we will show everyone how to love Him as we do, and loving Him, will prove our love for you, dear Blessed Mother. Pray to Jesus for your loving little children.

I was responsible for certain household duties. At this time I was charged with cleaning the novitiate room.

It would seem that Our Lord wished Mother Rose Mary to know my immost thoughts and feelings, for much to my embarrassment she saw me one day looking earnestly at the crucified figure of Christ whose one detached arm was about St. Francis of Assissi. I stood there so long that Mother said, "What are you thinking of, Miss Frances?" "Mother, I told Our Lord He had looked at that Francis long enough,; He should keep His eyes on this one now."

Besides tha class and my spiritual exercises

Mother laughed and I was invited to go into her office and talk with her. I was always happy to talk over spiritual mat ters with her because she inderstood so well that my weakness and misery was in it. self a tribute to t e love and goodness He showed me. I took this opportunity to tell her the advice given me by Father Hecker, the Redemptorist who came for monthary conferences and direction. I had told him how I made the way of the cross im company with Jesus on the way to Calvary and how the length of time I took annoyed some of the sister. His advice was that I use a blik and follow some short set form of prayer. To comply with his wishes was most painful for though I attempted to concentrate on the words of the book and move briefly from station to station the action of Jesus in my soul was in no way changed. While forcing myself to read the prayers I was at the same thim held inwardly by Jesus and travelled to Calvary in union with Him: even when my way of the cross was formally finished the inner voyage was far from complete and continued until finished. Mother exhorted me to be faithful to this practice, no matter how much it would cost me. It was not until two years later that I was permitted to follow

freely in the path traced out by our Lord.

We then began to speak about Our Blessed Mother. I told Mother that on one occasion after leaving Carmel I seemed to experience a very close union with Christ crucified; I was prostrate in spirit at his feet; I longed to annoint Him as Magdalen did, but suffered from my utter poverty. Then Isensed the presence of Our Blessed Mother. She presented me her heart because she had become my mother through His desire. In union with the sorrow that was His over my infidelities her heart seemed to break in my hands and her pure love, the perfume from this alabastor box, was mine to supply my poverty and enable me to anoint worthily my crucified Lord. All that I did thereafter was presented to Him through Mary to dispose of according to her desires. Mother exclaimed jubilantly, "Then we have something in common; you are a slave of Mary." "Yes, Mother." She went on to speak of her devotion to Our Lady and finally asked, "When did you make your act of consecration to Our Blessed Mother?" I looked at her blankly and a said, "What do you mean -- act of consecration?" Mother was bewildered at my failure to understand and asked what I meant by saying I was Mary's slave. "I replied in the affirmative because I thought you used the phrase as an

expression of my attitude toward Mary. I was unaware of any confraternity by that title." Then Mother explained the slavery of Mary according to Blessed Grignon de Montfort and suggested hat I prepare for the consecration since I actually lived the spirit of it. I chose to make the thirty days preparation during May and offer myself to Mary on the last day of her month, the feast of Mary Mediatrix of all graces.

Our conversation next turned on my relations with the sisters. I had never exposed any difficulties to Mother nor intimated that she common life was hard for me, and Mother asked if there were not some suffering in my adjusting to various characters. I freplied that after leeving Cermel I promised Our Lord that when confronted with a choice of action I would always chose that which was most difficult to my nature in reparation for my abuse of grace in my former religious life. To more perfectly express my love for Him present in my companions I had always made it a point to study their likes and dislikes and so conduct myself that I would spare thema all possible suffering. I was so busy gbout my own actions that I had no time or inclination to consider their conduct; neither did I allow myself

to think over what might be a light or aurse hurt feel-

"Would you be willing to give Our Lord anything He desired of you?"

"Yes, Mother, anything."

"What if He should ask you to sacrifice your vocation here?"

"He could have even that."

"Then prepare yourself, for undoubtedly He will strip you completely."

That ended our interview and I left Mothef with a presentiment that great sacrifices would be asked of me.



## CHAPTER V

At the beginning of May I became ill and was forced to take to bed. The doctor seemed to consider the possibility of a heart condition and Mother took me to St. Mary's Hospital for a gardingram. On the way she inquired if I were anxious or worried about the outcome of the examination.

"No, Mother, since I use Mary's heart for everything else don't you suppose she will give it to me for this? With her heart they will find nothing wrong." The cardiogram showed my heart in perfect condition. After a few other tests the doctor pronounced my condition one of over fatigue.

Some time after this I was permitted on two different occasions to make physically in Our Lord's passion. One noon while folding clothes in the laundry I was suddenly seized with a spasmodic jerking of my entire body over which I had absolutely no control, though I was completely conscious of all that happened. I knew that my face became distorted but I was unable to control it or even to speak. It seemed as if my hands

and my feet were held by an unseen force that was remaildook jerked me vialently. During this I was sansibly conscious of being united to Christ in the suffering He endured when being stretched upon the cross. Sister Jane of the Sacred Heart and Sister Irene Marie who had been working with me brought me a chair. I was no sooner seated than another spasm of pain followed: its intensity overturned the chair vidlently and at the same thime rudely jerking my arms ontward o that my whole body was rigid in the form of a cross. I was helped to walk into the next room but twine before reaching the bed the attacks of convulsive main repeated themselves. For about forty five minutes I lay suffering but unable to speak and explain what was happening. Reverend Mother St. Claire was called in to see me but not being able to come immediately she saw only the least severe part of my pain. Since her previous experience in a hospital had brought her in contact with hysterical personss she explained my twitching as a result of overwrought nefves. Later in the afternoon

I was able to go back to the novitiate and that night Mother Rose "ary questioned me about this experience. I told her that Our Lord had permitted me to participate in the excruciating pain He endured when He was nailed to the cross. But what I suffered physically was to be the lesser part of what I was to endure that I might share in His love and redemption of souls. The state of annihilation resulting from misunderstanding and the misinterpretation og graces bestowed, would be my greatest cross. This too, He desired me to bear in union with His abandonment by His Sternal Father. My soul was penetrated with the words, "I am a worm and no man." But filled with His strength and ardent love. I was determined in the words of St. Paul to neess toward the mark, Jesus.

ed for me filled me with a gratitude that was s
stimulus to generosity in enduring whole-heartedly
whatever His divine will ordained for me. The
salvation of souls became the ghiding influence
of all that I did. I selt that He Himself had
assumed the reparation needful to repair my in-

fidelities so that I no longer need think of myself; I was to be concerned solely in assuaging
His thirst for souls. The merciful love He had
shown to me I could not c ntain within my heart
which was to be a channel through which the goodness He had lavished on me would be poured out
on souls.

For several days after I experienced excessive fatigue and great soreness in every muscle and joint of my body. I had been allowed to retire early each night and about a week later after going up to the dormitory I was given a sudden realization that the episode which had occurred in the laundry would repeat itself. I wrote a note to that effect to Mother Rose Mary sending it by the sister who brought my supper. The trial began before Mother arrived but on this occasion the spasmodic jerkings were not so violent but were more prolonged, lasting about three and a half hours. It was vieven o'clock when I became quiet and Mother left me. The thought came to em to accept this as a purification for my

consecration as a slave of Mary, which was to take place in two days.

Reverend Mother St. Claire now decided to withdraw me from the class room although only two weeks of school remained. She feared teaching was to great a xtrain, but I did not feel the same, and suffered because I could no longer be with the little ones that I loved. My telling her this did not change her mind for she replied, "Because one likes a type of work that is no proof that one has sufficient strength to do Lit." Ileft my class but the few months warperience I had in a school room made impossible any further doubt as to my ability to adjust in an active community. During this period I thoroughly understood that the interior life does not depend on the place in which one is but upon fidelity to grace. I was convinced that the vocation given to me for the contemplative life as a Carmelite still remained only to be fulfilled in another Congregation: I knew that the blending of the contemplative and the active was the perfect vocation-the copying of Christ's own life.

My soul was His cloister and through my life He desired to make a gift of Himself to others. But He would be poured out according to His designs for I was conscious now that my life was wholly in His keeping and I ceased to direct my actions or to plan my time. I was simply to be united with Him and in Him from moment to moment with no other concern but to be surrendered entirely to His action.

On a Thursday night I January 13, Nother Rose Mary sent me to bed early because I was so fatigued. I was unable to sleep for quite a long time but funally feel into a profound sleep from which I was awakened at eleven o'clock by the presence of Our Lord who seemed to absorb me into Himself. I felt myself to be enveloped by Him and was so one with Him that I participated in His agony as if I were really present with Him in the garden of Olives, not as a spectator but as the very anguish of His mind and the grief of His h heart. I understood now what He had suffered during His agony in expiation of my future infi-

delities. His "Fiat" in this suffering wedded my misery to His merciful love. From my generous trust in His mercy and complete abandonment of my frailties to His mercuful love was born a willingness to relieve Him of His desire of pouring out His love upon souls. One of the greatest causes of sorrow to Him isthe fear souls have of surrendering their misery and nothingness to His divine action. OIn the future He desired me to console Him for these timid souls and the knowledge of His suffering for me gave me courage to accept whatever His will ordained. I know my own sins were completely forgiven, and I was no longer to occupy myself with them but accept such sufferings as He would ordain for the good of other souls. I passed from the consciousness of His presence into complete unconsciousness. I was totally unaware of anything that passed untill the middle of Saturday forenoon. I opened my eyes to see Reverend Mother St. Claire and Mother Rose Mary standing beside my bed. Mother Pose Mary asked me what had happened. and I recall saying, "I will make it known to you when we are alone."

"To you know what day of the week it is?"

"It can't be Friday because I do not

experience any union with Our Lord in his passion."

I had so much difficulty in speaking that Reverend Mother St. Claire told her not to question me more for the present. Physically I felt as if I had been ill and bed-ridden for weeks. The exhaustion I experienced made it most difficult to concentrate on what was said to me, and I found myself unable even to hold a cup of tea. Reverend II ther St. Claire thought it best to remove me to the novitiate infirmary. Because of my extreme weakness two sisters carried me down stairs. I recall that for three days I was perfectly content to lie motionless in bed. So overpowering was the weakness I experienced that it was necessary to feed me. Our Lord proved to me in this experience that He was master both of my body and my soul, and imperfect and frail as I was I could not bear the tremendous weight of His love; it brought to me the crushing effect that sin, and expecially the infidelities of religious and oriests must have upon Him.

I remained in bed for a cek but shept in the iffirmary until the 'August retreat.

As I became better I did not feel disposed to speak to Mother Rose Mary as I had said, without first submitting it to my confessor. I wrote to a detailed account to Fat er Hecker C.SS.R. and awaited his reply. In the meantime Father Landroche C.S.V. was appointed confessor for the summer. Not having heard from Father Hecker I related the experience to him. He questioned me on the sins of my past life and then advised me not to speak unless asked under obedience. He told me that undoubtedly Our Lord had given me this grace to prepare me for my clothing. In his opinion the g frace was"a pearl of great price" and I should make a setting for it by my silence. He also told me nto to expect an answer from Father Hecker since no priest would committhinself on such a subject. Several weeks later I did receive a letter from Father Hecker returning what I had written him with a statement of his transfer to another province. This transfer he accepted as

to be my director. Matters stayed as they were and it was several years before I mentioned it to Mother Rose Mary. However Our Lord gave me a clear perception of all the suffering that htese graces would entail. It was not only what I experienced when united with Him that a nsoled Him and merited grace for souls but it was especially the misunderstandings and the resulting annihilation of self that would be beneficial for souls. It was only in the willingness to become nothing in the eyes of creatures that I could prove my sincerity to Him in desiring to be one with Him.

Our Lord manifested Himself corporally
for the first time in July. (Between the thenth and
sixteenth) I had been unable to sleep, filled
with a great long ng for Him; so such so that I
felt unable to go on living with the suffering
of it. It must have been around midnight when
I felt a grearfear come over me. It was a sense of
shame for my utter misery; I was conscious of
the presence of an appaling purity and holiness.

The room suddenly became filled with light and standing at the foot of my bed I beheld the glorified body of Jesus as He appeared emanating from the sepulcher. I recall distinctly His saying, "Fear not, it is I." Those were the only words sooken but my whole being was penetrated with His tenderness and love and thelonging that was expressed in His eyes caused the most intense pain through my whole being for I felt the subjection of my every passion and inclination to His divine influence. I was convinced that from henceforth I could no longer resist Him. He receded from my bed and the anguish of His departure forced mo to moan aloud. When He was no longer visible His light still remained for a short time. I was still more penwtrated with His desire of my complete surrender. I was to choose always to do that which was more difficult. If at times others made an effort to alleviate me or spare me a mortification Our Lord saw to it that He had His share.

Thus it happened on the fourth of July.

The novitiate had a picnic that day. Mother Rose

Mary told me I was to enjoy it and not mortify

according to my taste. When I saw green olives I immediately took them and Mother lookin g at me said, "Do you like those?" I smiled but before I could say anything she replied, "You don't like them. Give me that olive and you eat the ripe ones. Eat five of them in horior of the five wounds."

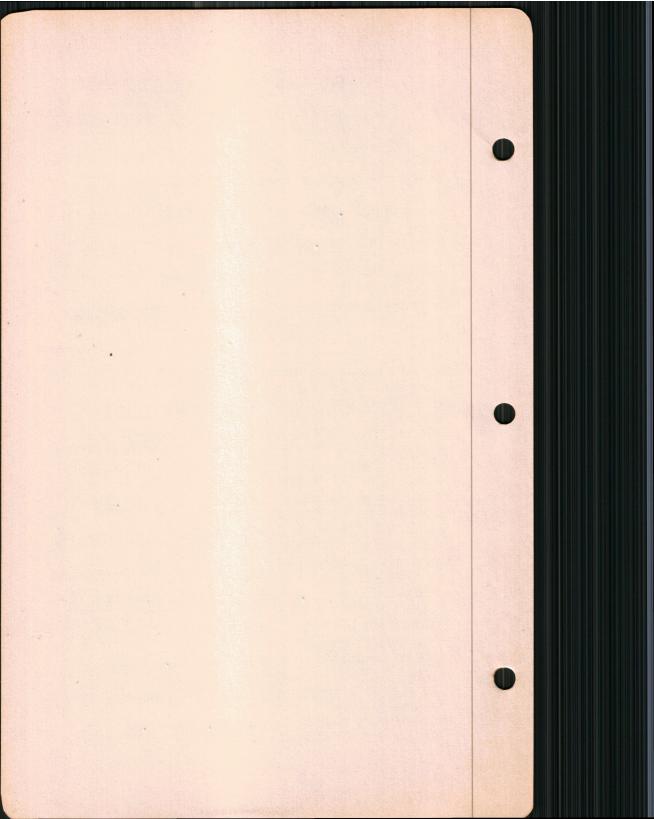
So I ate rice olives that I really disliked and not only five but many for everyone wanted to see me enjoy them and ripe olives came to me from all sides. Our Lord had a good share of the picnic.

Preparations were now being made in the novitiate for Mother St. Thomas return from France.

My few months of postulancy had greatly changed my attitude toward Nother Rose Mary and the fear.

I had of her coming to the novitiate was now a dread at the thought of her departure. Her perfect understnading of my misery and God's goodness to me had resulted in a friendship founded ona purely spiritual basis. When together our time was whollytaken up with conversing about Him and we never exhausted the subject.

Association with her never had any other effect than to stimulate me to faultless fidelity. I was attracted to her b her utter frankness and truth; she never excused my frailties and in her I realized St. Theresa's explanation of humilitythat it is truth. With her, understanding had reached the point where a mere glance revealed the very depths of mysoul on those occasions where I could not use words. Realizing this, and in view of the fact that her leaving the novitiate would enforce the separation maintained between professed and novices we resolved to practice perfect custody of the eyes after our relations as mistress and aspirant ceased. Even though His divine will separated us we determined to remain united in Him by our fidelity to grace and zeal for souls. Much as I realized the s acrifice this would be I did not fathom the crucifixion its accomplishment would entail. Mother Rose Mary bid us good-bye shortly after the words of welcome were read to Mother St. Thomas.



## CHAPTER VI

A few days after Mother St. Thomas' return we entered upon retreat for the religious ceremony of my clothing. I do not recall any particular spiritual experience at that time except that my soul was wrapped in a deep peace. Jesus was continually present ot me filling me with a delight and sweetness which made me willing and anxious to bear whatever suffering He might ask. No matter what privations I undertook myself they never satisfied the longing I hadto suffer but rather intensified the thirst. I had been demied permission by both confessor and superior to do penance of an extraordinary nature. I had a very strong desire to make a public confession of my infidelities in Carmel as an act of reparation before the close of retreat but Reverend Mother St. Claire would not hear of it. I think the pain of the refusal cost me more than the act of accusation would have ever done, for it seems to me that in this He purified me of the satisfaction I would have in doing some little thing

toward making amends for the pain I had caused Ham. In this refusal I was given the light to see that He was opening out to me a life of oblivion lived wholly in "im and that in no way was I to direct the attention of creatures upon myself. It gave me a realization of the subtelty of self-love which winced at the thought of obscurity. But if I desired true union with Him I could avoid nothing that would bring it about. After receiving the holy habit with the name of Sister Mary Grace, Jesus began to further purify my soul. Until now the experience I had of His continual presence was one of union wherein two wilks are functioning in unison. We were two individuals as the spouse in the presence of the beloved, except on those occasions when He drew me into profound union with Himself. It was as if everyone and everything were enveloped in the light and beauty of His abiding presence. Gradually, however, this light which enhanced all objects and persons receded, forcing me to put forth every effort to prevent my losing sight of it all together. I was on the alert for the least

infidelity which might be the cause of His leaving me. but at the time I could account for none and yet Ifelt an ever powering sense of my wretchedness in His sight and wwas convinced that God, who was all goodness and purity, could do nothing else but turn away from me. My soul seemed to be penetrated with a profound stillness and in spirit I was continually bowed in adoration and contrition at the feet of Christ crucified as Magdalen was. In the depths of my soul I experienced a peace coupled with a strong desire to be stripped of all that was snot pleasing to Him. The utter helplessness to do anything for Him which seemed to grip me, caused intense pain. I was filled with overpowering desires to pour myself out for Him, to accomplish great things for His glory and salvation of souls, but everything I did bore the stamp of failure. Never did I so keenly exper ience the fear that I was on a down-hill slide, yet I knew of nothing I could do to prevent it. My life seemed to be completely out of my hands. I even seemed unable to formulate plans, I seemeddunable even to pray for myself and could only say over and over again, "Do with me as You please." I had a sense of knowing that those who were dear to me were taken into His care and He seemed to demand so complete a trust in Him in their regard that I should spend no time on thoughts of them. It seemed to em that the spiritual life was all an illusion, that I was in a state of tepidity and hardness of heart dar worse than when I was in Carmel and for that reason I was insensible to any feeling.

learn that there could be anything but success as the outcome of what I undertook to do materially. In the past I had known what it was to be a failure spiritually, but I had never before experienced the inability of bringing all I did to a successful issue. Try as I might everything I did failed and brought upon me the reproach of my mistress.

Over and sweek above I did not feel physically equal to the work that was assigned to me and

and my slowness in performing my duties was interpreted as laziness and want of good will.

There were constant misunderstandings over trifling matters and Our Lord neverseemed to permit that they should be adjusted. No matter what I did I was never questioned about it but direct statements were ascribing false motives to my conduct were made to me. No opportunity was ever given me to explain my inward feelings. I fully realized the trial was a grace from God enabling me to expiate my failures of human respect. I suffered greatly from my inability to bring about an adjustment for I had been deeply incressed that my seeming lack of response to the admonitions of my novice mistress was a source of disedification to others and a cause of disturbance to her. As I saw myself in the eyes of God, I could not account for any infidelity to grace during this period, and I seemed to be plunged in a state over which I had no control whatsower. Most of the anxiety I experienced resulted, I believe, from the fact of my having a very lively

faith regarding God's manifest will in the attitude of the superior toward a subject. In the presence of my mistress I felt myself abhored by God and I wondered if this were the true state of my soul. Did not God use my mistress as His mouthpiece to convey His opinion of Me? And yet in my conscience I found no wildul fault. How could I reconcile the conviction of my fidelity with her conviction of my infidelity? Even apart from the reprimands given in public it so happened that in private direction Our Lord never permitted me the satisfaction of disclosing to her what I believed to be the true state of my soul. I had promissed Him never to venture an explanation unless it were in reply to a question. But the questions were never forthcoming.

The following incident illustrates what I mean. In the beginning of Advent Mother St.

Thomas told Sister N.. and myself to bring the statues for the crib to the novitiate where I could re-paint them, and when the time came put up the crib. I was delighted to be so proveleged.

When we took the tatues from their place of storage I dusted St. Joseph and Sister took the Blessed Virgin. Though we were about ten feet apart I noticed that the finger on the Blessed Virgin's statue was broken. Sister picked up the statue of St. Joseph and I followed with the Blessed Virginis. When we reached the novitiate Mother looked at ath the statue and then at me, but said nothing. It was not my place to accuse Sister N.. so I held my peace. The next day I noticed that Sister had glued the piece of broken finger.back in place. That afternoon at conference Mother said, "Hawe you nothing to accuse yourself of, Sister Mary Grace?" "Not that I recall, Mother."

"Id it possible that your conscience has not reproached you with anything the last two days?"

"No, Mother, I do not recall anything."

"Then you are to be pitied. For one aspiring to religious life you are very insensible to infidelity." I had no idea of what Mother referred to, and simply remained silent.

"When I met you carrying the statue of the Blessed Virgin I noticed that the finger was broken. I found it strange that you said nothing at the time; I have waited two days for you to acknowledge your fault but you did not come. This morning on going up to the dormitory I noticed the finger had been glued in place. And you say you have nothing on your conscience. How can you be so deceitful? For your penance you will not paint the statues, nor will you make the crib."

was never satiated it was now and I felt my cup wa was full. I said nothing not did the guilty sister who was present. I was sure, however, that she would go and admit her mistake privately but she did not. Mother continued karrense waiting mor me to accuse myself and while waiting treated me with stern coldness. If I knelt for a permission she walked off and left me kneeling. If I knocked at her door, she looked up and then continued with her work without bidding me enter. The situation strained not only our relationship

but that of all the others. When I came in everyone became tense. One Saturday morning we recited the whole rosary while sewing instead of the usual five decades, and Sister Jane of the Sacred Heart told me the extra prayers had been said so that I would be less hard-hearted. Mother began a novena for me. Sister St. Sebastian, my guardian angel, told me, in no gentle way, that I was just too . stubborn to go to Mother and preferred seeing the whole novitiate suffer. Each remark madethe matter harder to bear and one day at visit I complained to Our Lord. I thought I heard Him say. "You long to prepare My crib for me but your love is not strong enough to shield this soul." Yes, I would shield this soul by my silence for His dear sake. He soon sent me another occasion of humiliation in the shielding. I ad just asked leave to go to the dishes when Mother remarked in Mother Rose Mary's presence, "Wouldn't Mother Rose Mary be keenly disappointed if she knew about all this, just as it is?"

"No, Mother, she would not."

"How can you say that?"

"Because she would have handled the whole affair very differently," I was not asked how she would have done or what I had to say, so again I remained silent. Things stayed thus all during advent and many times I wondered if this was a silent way of telling me I was not wanted in the congregation. I realized that unless things changed our Christmas would be miserable, but what could I do? A remark from Sister Mary Christine gave me an idea. We were wrapping Christmas packages, and full of enthusiasm she said, "Here, you wrap this one, for Mother, she always likes ... " Her abrupt silence let me know so plainly that I brought rigidity and uneasiness with me, that I determined to go to Mother and offer to do any penance sha might impose on me in exchange for htis coldness and aloofness which affected the whole novitate. Mother merely remarked that after this length of time the only remedy was to forgive and forget. Externally things became as before but our souls were further apart than ever.

Trials if this nature were an introduction into a state of derelection. I began to experience severe temptations against faith, hope, and charity. The only spiritual consolation which had not been withdrawn was the union He allowed me to behave with Him in His passion from Thursday night till Friday afternoon, but this was also to be denied me. A few days before the beginning of Lent I went to Mother for permission to perform corporal penance during that season. I was refused, bieng told that Our Lord could very well get along without anything I might do for Him. It would be better for me to concern myself with being more devoted in work than to seek such austerities. I had such an intense longing to do something for Our Lord but it seemed frustrated at every turn. I knelt at the feet of the crucifix to tell Him of my desire, and also to express my gratitude for the weekly share in His sufferings. For the first time since granting me this grace I looked forwa d to the next Thursday nightwith great eagerness and seemed hardly ble to wait for the time to come, but Jesus seemed to

agree with Mother's statement that He did not need me for Thursday night came without His invitation to suffer with Him. This but intensified the suffering I was already enduring in my soul.

I had been drawn to make many sacrifices for a soul in the novitiate who was suffering morally. On the last day of March Our Lord gave me the conviction that again I would be drawn into a profound union with Him in His agony. While walking that night with Sister St. Sebastian I spoke to her of this mentioning that if I did not, wake next morning she would know the reason. Since she had witnessed my other period of sleep she would understand. The next morning she tried in vain to awaken me. The hour I had spent with Him was for His consolation but the fatigue, the misunderstanding, the contradictions following as a result were the means He afforded of meriting graces for this soul. But this soul did not respond to His love Ind I was to share with Him the sorrow of finding His love rejected.

My mistress of novices did not at all

understand what had happened. She showed her displeasure and told me my spiritual life was built on emotion. I spoke of this to Fahher Ridhard Dalton C.SS.R. who at this time came for conferences and direction on theday of monthly recollection. He questioned me and then adivsed my not speaking of what took place in my soul to my mistress, other than what our constitutions required. It was his belief that if there was any emotion in my life it was the disturbance I felt over her misunderstanding of my soul.

multiplied but with them grew the conviction that it was God alone working in My soul. Regardless of the view others took concerning me I would have told an untruth had I said it was not God. I willingly submitted to whatever obedience enjoined. I abandoned myself to God's action wit out speculating about His designs, or planning ways and means to further them. My soul was in His keeping and I trusted it to Him. My helplessness and want of self-mastery, my being a personal failure were no himderence to the accomplishment of His de

design: they were rather a safeguard against selfcomplacency. My soul seemed to be flooded with light regarding His action and I understood the real sparit of the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" -- a living in the present moment without regard to the past or future, in Christ, under the guidance of the holy Spirit of love as a living act of the Eternal Father's will. Feelings, thoughts, and emotions played no part in my life; I was concerned only with the perfection of each moment. He removed from me the gratification and consolation of all sensible sweetness and placed me in darkness. Yet I was in the bosom of the Eternal Father and from there I seemed to look out through His eyes with an ifinite longing ever searching the path from earth to heaven for the prodigals of the world. I was engulfed by the the throbbing mercuful love of the Son that sought to bring these souls to His eternal Father for His glory. I was profoundly convinced that to render to God the things that are God's I must rely solely on Christ. My life, then, regardless of trials and

difficulties was a participation of heaven in that His will was being accomplished "on earth as it is in heaven".

On the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 19, during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, I offered myself to Our Lord in these words. "Eternal Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit; bury it is Thy bosom, that rampart of love and impenetrable fortress, which withholds all the snares of the enemy, all the deceits of self, all the allurements of the world. Dwelling within You may I unceasingly render to You the praise of Your own perfect Being. Cast me not off from among Your children, but behold me as the wounds on the adorable body of Your crucified Son. O my God, I give myself to Thee to do with me as Thou wilt. I resign myself to Thy designs upon me and abandon myself to what Thy divine providence will require of me. I cling to Thee solely because Thou art my Lord and my God. One thing I ask of Thee, my Father, never permit me to offend Thee again. Let the capacity of my trust become as the immensity meet only with failure let it empty my heart of all love except for Thee; let it empty my mind of all thought except fo Thee; my desires of all longings except the accomplishment of Thy will; my ambitions of all crabings except for Thy glory; my sasnes of all satisfactions so that in my members may be filled up what is wnating in Christ's sufferings. O Lord, be merciful to me a sinner, take me from myself, and give me to Thee. O Spirit of Love, emanating from the Father and the Son, sanctify my love that we may be but one. Amen.

Our Lord accepted my act of consecration and proved my love by permitting me to be tempted both to blasphemy and despair. Prayer and the use of sacramentals intensified these states so that it was a real struggle to enter the chapel. The effort to react against these trials affected my health bring ng about a complete exhaustion and inability to follow the rule. Being relieved of most of my duties and taking additional rest did not help matters. After the close of the

August retreat I spent several days in a practically semi-conscious state.

It was decided to send me to St. Mary's Hospital for another examination. I recall Mother Rose Mary's and Mother St, Thomas' helping me to dress, but I don not recall getting onto the car or entering St. Mary's and being put to bed. The temptations against purity at that time were violent. Satan appeared in human form and the nearness of his presence urged me to flee. My efforts to rise and go were diagnosed as hysteria and to quiet me thedoctor prescribed hypodermic injections of morphine. This only aggravated the condition sinne I have an idiocyncracy to this drug. It was only after two days that the doctor realized that each new dose had bad effects. During the first night at St. Mary's I continually called for Mother St. Thomas. Accordingly she was sent for and remained with me. My constant movements were so violent that at times it required three sisters to keep me in bed. Mother St. Thomas had sent for my sister Peggy and on the second afternoon she and her husband, John, arrived. I recognized them for a few minutes during the afternoon but only for a few minutes. While there, John offered to relieve the sisters in keeping me in bed. Later he said a foot ball game had never played him out as had that two hours. That evening when the angelus rang Mother St. Thomas led the prayer aloud, and as I was afterwards told, I blasphemed roundly while she was praying. Of this I was wholly unconscious; in fact for two and a half days, except for a few minutes occasionally, I did not know anyting of what was going on; only the vialence of the temptation was with me. My temperature rose and the bodily jerking became symptomatic of meningitis, so Dr. Hamilton wascalled and diagnosed the condition as hysterial After breakfast next motning Mother St, Thomas came to see me. It was very disappointing to learn that she was going back to Beaverville in a couple of hours. When I expressed my regret she told me she had more important things to do than to be a part of the game I was playing. I made an appempt to reveal what I had experienced

but was told that she had no time then. When she left I sensed an attitude of her having nothing more to do with me, and I supposed I would not be allowed to return to the novitiate. No one came to me before I passed into the state of unconsciousness again caused by another diabolical attack. My violent tossing threw me out of bed and I was found on the floor. After being put in bed again I was strapped down to prevent further falls and not nake it necessary to keep murses constantly at my side. I remained this way for two days and the resulting soreness was most acute. During one of my conscious moments when I was quiet Dr. Anthony, from Beaverville, came into my room and said, "If you'll promise to behave I'll have these straps removed." I simply turned my head. He bent over me and said, Llook me straight in the eye." I did. Then, "Will you promise?" "That is not within my power." "Yes, it is. You simply have an idea in your mind." I said nothing to hhis, but turned my head again, and he walked out.

Very few of the sisters came in during the remaining ten days I stayed at the hospital. Mother Emerentia and Sister Mary Angela were the only ones who put me at ease. The despondency which now seized me assumed such proportions as to make suicide appear my only remedy. I was filled with thoughts of being an abomination in the sight of G d. Whe only way to bring an end to this was to take my life; I could see no other way to remove the trouble and anxiety I caused. Satan was with me ans the future proved that he was to remain bodily present for a year and a half. continually besetting me with his temptation to impurity, blasphemy and suicide.

permitted to return to the monitiate and told to follow the rule like every one else. It was only a matter of a week's time when I was so exhausted that I could hardly go from one room to another. Reverend Mother St. Claire decided to have me put alone in a room so I could have complete rest.

Mother St. Thomas came in to see me one afternoon

to inquire how I was, but I could only tell her the fatigue increased. For the first time I experienced a willingness on her part to allow me to open my soul completely to her, and I sensed her surprise in learning that the apparant hysterical condition continued after she left St. Mary's and that I still suffered the same temptations. I told her I was sure that my physical condition was nothing but a result of the battle to remain faithful. However, she still maintained that a little more will power would make it possible for me to follow the rule, that by my nature I was intensifying and magnifying the state I was in. Conscientiously I could not agree with this, for it seemed to me that it was my will to react against myself in corresponding with grace that gave me a more thanghuman endurance. During these days I arose only to attend holy Mass. On Thursday morning, September 18, after heceiving Holy Communion Our Dord flooded my soul with a peace and joy that surpassed any experience He had ever permitted before. He seemed to hold me in

of my being completely in His care. I received the conviction that regardless of whether I was permitted to remain in religious life or not I would be esponsed to Him forever and know no other love but His. As I did not have the opportunity to speak to Mother that day, I wrote in the late afternoon an account of my communion. I later learned that it was decided on that very day that I should be sent home, kherfuliancing

The following Sunday we were permitted to have visitors but since my family had come frequently when I was at the hospital I did not expect them. All that day I experienced a great tranquility and was not annoyed by any of the temptations I had been undergoing. I was quiet and peaceful and so very grateful the God for my religious vocation. When the sound of revelry from the parish pichic in the church yard came to me, my gratitude increased if that were possible, and I offered my day in thanksgiving for God's

immense goodness and in reparation for any sins that might be committed in the neighboring festivities. Toward the middle of the afternoon Mother St. Thomas came to tell me that my sister had come. When I spoke of her of my profound peace and appreciation of my vocation I noticed mans a pained expression on her face, nd when I asked the cause her eyes filled with tears but she said nothing. It was she who pinned my veil before I went down. Peggy and John were there with Mom Duby, John's mother, and Mrs. Mnrphy, Sister St. Sebastian's mother. They commentated on my state of health a suggesting complete rest.

"But you are far from well."

"Even so, I could not go. I would not

think of it."

Then Mom Duby spoke. "Wouldn't you come with me for a while? Pop, you know, has just died, and I'm alone now. I need someone tostay with me and you need a rest."

"Why, no, I couldn't do that." Then
M ther's remark, "Don't you think, Sister Mary

Opened my eyea to the state of things. I was being sent home and they were treating me as one would mental patient, suggestijg and urging rather than telling me outright. "Let us go ask Reverend Mother's opinion." I had no more to say, realizing what they wanted, so followed in silence. In speaking to me Reverend Mother made the statement that if I recovered I might return.

"Yes, I mean what I am saying, but you must understand I do not mean the first day you are feeling well. It will require at least a year for you to build up sufficiently."

Mother Rose Mary chanced to pass the door and Mother St. Thomas called her in. When we were alone and I knew I was with someone who understood, I broke down and cried. I spoke to her of my feelings regard ng the way in which my leaving was made known to me, and she reminded me of my promise as a postulant, that I would willingly sacrifice religious life if Our Lord chose to ask it of me. Only two weeks before I

had asked Mother St. Thomas permission to offer myself as a victim for a postulant who evidently was destined to reach great heights in the spiritual life, gut who at the time was undergoing great difficulties. Even though it meant the sacrifice of my own religious life I would willingly surrender the joys it brought me if perseverence and fidelity might thereby be purchased for her. Now He asked just a little more, the generosity of accepting the sacrifice as He planned. With it came the remembrance of my consecration to Mary as her slave giving myself to Jesus through her as a living chalice. I expressed to Mother the thought that came to me that the chalice in the sacrifice of the mass is velied and unveiled several times. Therefore should I expect anything different? Though my heart was crushed I told Jesus I wanted to accept what He willed no matter what the cost. We then made a visit to the chapel and while there the words of Our Dord to St. Paul came to me, "My grace is sufficient to thee." I certainly felt stripped of everything and realized that His grace alone was all that was left me. The significance of my name struck me, Sister Mary Grace; I told Our Lord I should always be His "merry" Grace, happy to accept whatever He should send. With this came the strength to face the trial of leaving.

Mother St. Thomas and Mother Rose Mary came with me while I changed my habit for street clothes, but it was Mother Rose Mary who "inveiled" the chalice". As she held my veil for me to kiss it, I burst into sobs. She left me undisturbed kneeling beside her and really it would have been easier to sacrifice my life than sacrifice my vocation.

## CHAPTER VII

Everything possible was done for me to make my living at home happy. Peggy and John were living with Mom Duby and all three vied with each other to spare me fatigue and create new interests for me in life. My time was divided between resting and helping with the household duties. Mom and I both enjoyed sewing and spent many an afternoon preparing gifts for Christmas. WI was unuslly up before the others so I could attend seven o'clock Mass at St. Clara's on 64th and Woodlawn. After Mass I remained in church to recite my rosary and make the way of the cross. This was the happiest hour of my day for not only was I united in spirit with thesisters I so loved and had been obliged to leave, but I obtained strength from my Mass and Communion to fight the temptations that Satan still hoped would bring me to defeat. Though the pleasures of the world in themselfes did not allure me, I was frequently tempted at this time to throw mysslf blindly into a round of gaiety to drown the

turmoil within me and to stifle my better desires which seemed impossible of fulfillment. Yet when I came face to face with an opportunity of doing this my ahole being seemed to cry out to God to hold me close to Him. I had need of Him and every afternoon at the hour that the sisters made their visit to the Blessed Sacrament I went to church to nake my visit with them. Grace was given me and I found it possible to remain faithful to my ideals.

Peggy and John were solicitous for me and felt that more social life would make me happier. Several times when they were going out they procured a companion for me, but I did not accept their arrangements. They thought me shy and believed that if I could be induced to meet men of my age I would adjust better to my dituation, so they arranged for parties at home, inviting some acquaintance as my companion. This plan I could not frustrate, but no inducement could convince me to exchange my divine Love for an earthly one.

By December I felt considerably better

and when the opportunity of accepting a position as file clerk presented itself I accepted. With money of my own now. I did not feel it extravagant to plan a trip to Beaverville, and so Christmas vacation found me in my real home for a week end. In speaking to Reverend Mother St. Claire, I mentioned my returning but she said we wouldn't think of that for some time yet. She felt I had not had sufficient opportunity to test my strength Moreover, she suggested that I go to see Dr. Gerty, a Catholic psychiatrist, He would be the best judge to decide upon my fitness for envent life. She still thought my nervous make-up could not stand the strain of religious discipline.

I was permitted to attend community prayers, and to visit in the novitiate. My talks with Mother Rose Mary were very satisfying. This was the first opportunity I had of speaking openly with her and fully releaving my mind since my postulant days, and I availed myself of the privelege. Through all the sufferings and misunderstandings Our Lord permitted I always was

strengthened by her unshaken faith in God's work in my soul. Her influence always had the effect of increas ng my trust in Him in surrendering myself more wholeheartedly to His holy will. bhough His will should only ordain suffering. Regardless of what had taken place this visit convinced me still further that I belonged among the Servants of the Holy Heart of Mary. I appreciated more than ever the family spirit that exists in this community. The way in which I was received both in the movitiate and by the professed sisters made me feel that I was still one of them. I participated so freely in the community life that I could not have felt more one with them had I been clothed in my habit. When the time came for leaving I experienced all the heart ache of that afternoon when I was sent home. This macrifice was renewed at each subsequent visit.

In January I called on Dr. Gerty. I stated the object of my visit, an interview at Reverend Mother's request, to expose to him the various physical reactions I had had during my novitiate

my and to learn his opinion as to fitness to return. He questioned me lengthly on my attitude toward religious life, life in general, and my moral principles. He asked if at the present time I had any physical ailments he might help me overcome I told him, "No," and was frank in stating athat my purpose was to obtain his written certification that I was capable of resuming religious life. He would not give this. From his observation he did not think me suited to religious life because of my highly nervous make-up coupled to what he called an over conscientiousness which drained ones endurance. If it were possible for me to overcome this condition, it would require a period of three or four years. He made me feel I was welcome to return to him at any time and since it was my earnest desire to be a religious he offered his services gratis as was his custom when treating sisters. From a natural standpoint this interview did not raise my hopes: it afforded Reverend Mother St. Claire an added argument against my re-entrance whenever I spoke to her.

It was one more proof that all my hope must rest in God who alone could fulfill my desire. I determined with greater earnestness than ever to prove my love for Him.

It was apparant to me that my stay in the world would be of some duration. Yet with or without my habit I was His and wished some bond to unite me irrevocably to His love. I consulted Father Anslem O.C. about taking a vow of perpetual chastity. He was not at all disposed to grant me the permission even for a time; perpetually, he would not consider it at all. On my third visit he sonsented completely to my desire, suggesting my taking my vow on the twenty fifth of March, after receiving Holy Communion. This year the twenty fifth happened to fall on Holy Thursday. This was followed by a period of intense desolation and an increased villence in the temptations that had never left me. My bond of union with Our Lord enraged Satan who for two months made himself my constant companion in one form or another. Sometimes he was an attractive young man walking

beside me, looking at em lovingly and pleadingly; his presence was so close that I could feel his breath upon my cheek and the closeness of his arm around me. My safeguard in these mements was to observe perfect custody of the eyes, never looking upon his face. I knew if I did this then I was safe; if I did not, I would yield. When he did not succeed in this way, he assumed the forms of hideous animals or reptiles. Several times at night he took the form of a snake and I sensed him wrapping me in his coils. The pressure and pain from this was intense and always, he would assure me, he would cease this if only I would yield to him.

for he followed me to the altar rail taunting me with the idea that if I received Him in my soul I was taking a man in my embrace and hence sinning.

My unawareness of the fauts of life up to this time made these thoughts a real agony. I could only tell Our Lord over and over again that I wanted Him, only Him, and I did not want sin. It so happened that one evening when Peggy was having a

party at home I passed a remark revealing my ignorance of life. Mom Duby called me thatnight and explained God's plan increating men and women and lis co-operation with them in peopling the world. this cleared away my confusion and I wasable to fight Satan with more calm. Intermittently he repeated his tactics untill I was once more clothed in the habit. I had always to be on guare and I feared that, loving the beautiful as I did, Satan might use dress as a means of trapping me. Therefore I wore only plain clothes of a dark color and avoided the suse of cosmetics. I refrained from manicuring my nails to atone for the outrages Our Lord suffered from being touched by consecrated hands sullied with sin. The money enonomized in this way afforded me the means of doing little things for others. This manner of dressing did not please my sister Peggy and whenever she and John were taking me out she proceeded to attend to my a tire saying, "If you want to lock like something that came out of Noe's Ark when you go out alone that is your hard luck. But when y ou go out with me you have to go as I

want you to look. Now offer it up." The last remark was turning my own words on myself or that is what I laughingly told them whenever they complained about my appearance.

Little did Peggy realize how hard it was for me to sacrifice my love of beautiful clothes. Mother Rose Mary had warned me against any attention I might draw to myself either by my clothes or my eyes. On one occasion when I had looked at her affectionately she reproved me seriously exposing to mak me the dangers of freedom in this regard. This brought to my mind remarks made in the past about my eyes, and I realized that prdence of her words. In my soul this produced a great fear lest I unwittingly be unfaithful to Him. These thoughts kept me awake that night, but Our Lord took pity on me and manifested His presence as He had done when I was a postulant. He assured me He had not suffered from any infidelity on my part up to this time, and He so ravished my soul with love of Him as almost to prevent the possibliity of such a failure. The light of His presence

was so brilliant that He seemed as mist within it.

As it emanated from Him enfolding me, I was conscious of its radiating from my own body.

My soul was plunged in profound peace and I felt a strength, not my own, to remain His alone at any cost. My grandmother, who was sleeping in the same room saw the light, and without turning in her bed asked, "Frances, did you forget to turn off the light?"

"No, Grandma, I didn't."

"Well there is light in the room."

"That may be the reflection from the street

light." T is apparantly satisfied f her for she
said no more.

In the first part of May Reverend Mother
St. Claire phoned me while I was at work to ask
if I would like to come to St. Mary's Hospital to
help Mother Sitephanie in the office. My heart
leaped with joy and there wan no hesitation in
my answer. That very evening before leaving
I handed in my notice of resignation. My change
of employment came as a great disappointment to

Peggy, for it was the first time since my mother's death that we had really enjoyed one another's companionship, but I was conscious of an imcompatibility in our way of living that would never be overcome. I left for Kankakee the following Saturday where I lived with Mrs Cote, Mother St. Thomas aunt. My being in the hospital satisfied my longing to live with the sisters, and I was very happy to be there.

In the fall Very Reverend Mary of Providence came for her visitation. During the time s he was at the hospital I often met her, and though I would have enjoyed speaking with her I never felt t the necessity of words to create an understanding I t seemed to me as if our souls met and blended as though the y were one. Meeting her was something akin to coming into the presence of the Blessed S crament. One ffelt that she, like God, penetrated your soul with a alance. I knew others had made me known to her and she was aware of my desire to

Charlotte Himmelbutg, formerly my no-

re-enter.

vitiate companion, came to spend a week with me and Reverend Mother St. Claire arranged an interview with Mother General accompanying us as interpreter. We both asked permission to return to the novitiate, and it was granted. The date of entrance as set for December 19, Mother General's feast day. Reverend Mother St. Chaire was still dubious about my strength and asked me if I did not think it impridnet to go then."I see you here, so tired some days; I'm afraid you will not stand the strain." Several others spoke to me in the same way, but I was not to be convinced. I felt sufficiently well to follow the rule though I knew that curbing my impetuosity to do extra things would be a difficulty I had to face and surmount.

## CHAPTER VIII

We came to Beaverville on the appointed day accompanied by Very Reverend Mother General nadReverend Mother St. Claire. The community was assemble d to welcome Very Reverend Mother and extend her feast day greetings. We were permitted to join the sisters, dressed as we were and afterwards Mother St. Thomas took us to the dormitory to put on the holy habit once more. Now it was necessary only to spend our canonical year in the novitiate to be admitted to profession.

By Christmas I was completely exhausted.

In the eyes of the Superiors this state of health was the final proof that I could not stand the strain of religious life. For several weeks I was unable to retain any food, even liquids, and suffered from severe abdominal pain. Rest and medication brought no relief so after the ceremony for profession I was sent with Sister Mary Gabriel to our hospital in Champaign. Here Dr. Sexton attended me. The fluoroscopic tests apparantly

proved normal and X-Rays were taken. After the first

X\*R"y I went back to my room for supper but had

barely satarted eating when Sister Marcella came

in to ask if I had pins in the gown I wore on the

table. "No, Sister." "We'll change the gown

aand take another picture." I was scarcely back

to my room again when they came for me a third

time. to take alpicture with a sheet instead of

a gown. Then two more pictures were taken with

nothing intervening between the rays and the

body. I was left on the table while these

were being developed.

"Did you ever swallow pins or needles, Sister?"

"Why, no!"

"But you have them in the abdomen."
"That's impossible."

I saw for myself the needles in my body and immediately knew how they came there. A deep peace took possession of me so that the questions and jokings of the doctors, the nurse and the tech-

nician in no way hurt me. I seemed to be lifted up out of my surroundings so that the awareness of what took place in the room was not wholly suspended. My soul was transported to the realms of the dimive and it was flooded withe the truth and purity of the Triune Ruxitox Presence of God. The prodigal child that had been received in the embrace of the Eternal Father and purified by the Abiding Spirit fo the Holy Ghost within her was now given in mystic marriage as a bride to a Crucified Spouse, Jesus. My soul was wrapped in the embrace of the all-consuming fire of His love. After this spirit to spirit contact there was given me a vision of Christ Crucified and Mary Immaculate. The drops of blood that fell from His heart whe took in her cupped hand and formed a ring of them. Hes right hand became detached and taking the ring He placed it on my finger. symbol of my being eternally espoused to Him. After this vision passed I was tatally unaware of my surroundings for a brief time while my soul was plunged in the profound love and complacency

existing between the persons of the Blessed Trinity. This union resulted in the knowledge that I no longer offered acts of love, adoration, thanksgiving, reparation to God, but participated in the eternally perfect praise of Himself, In all truth He had made of me His humanity in which His spirit might abide. Though He uttered no words I experienced a moral conviction that by His divine goodness I would be conscious of the abiding presence of the Blessed Teinity from now through all eternity. The peace which remain in m y soul gave me the strength and courage to accept whatever He willed without any thought of the consequences.

was ill, that I would like to seak with her only to be told she had n thing to communicate I could tell it to Saster Marcella. This I would not do but I wrote that to Mother St.

Thomas disclosing everything to her. Both

Both doctors ans sisters wunestioned me , but iI was unwilling to give them any information.

The next morning I waited eagerly for Holv Communion. When Our Lord came to me sacramentally my soul poured out its love and gratitude for the grace of the previous night, and I could not help exclaiming over the ring my Beloved had given me. Then I heard Him utter these words. "To Catherine of Sienna and other of my spouses I have given a ring which was a tribute to their fidelity. But to you, Mycrucified love, I have given a ring formed by the drops of My precious Blood. "bearing the merits of My Sacred Passion. Weak as you are you will never be without means of repairing your frailty. Press it to your lips and bestow upon it a repentant kiss. You will give Me joy in the measure in which you use work My gift to beautify your soul."

It the end of the week Reverend Mother

St. Claire came. I saw her pass my room with

Sister Marcella and knew they were going to the

X\*Ray department. In a few minutes they returned

and Sister Marcella laughingly said, "Here is the culptit, Reverend Mother, She will not speak to us but maybe she will to you." Reverend Mother sat beside me and asked, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Recerend Mother, the answer to the question of the needles is this. When I was in Carnel I had been given special permission to do extraordinary penances. In order to intensify the pain of the discipline, permission was given me to insert needles in the lashes.

Evidently this accounts for the needles."

"Do you expect me to believe this?

Those needles are there only because you swallowed them or pressed them into the flesh. You might just as well tell the truth instead of adding sin to your foolishness."

"I am sorry, Reverend Mother, but I can only repeat what I said before."

"Do you expect me to give this as a satisfactory explanation to Mother St. Thomas?"

"I have already written to Mother St. Thomas

giving her the reason and explaining my state of ssoul. at the present time."

Reverend Mother that this was the actual cause of my condition. The Prioress who had given me the permission was dead so I could not appeal to her to verify my words. Since Reverend Mother was not attracted to extraordinary penance it was not easy for her to see how this could be possible.

The doctors were not in favor of surgery and as this was the only means possible of obtaining relief it was evident that my health was permanantly immaired.

"The X-Ray is evedence enough that you have real pain, but in your state of health it seems advisable that you return home. However, you must not think of going until you are sufficiently built up."

At the beginning of our interview I felt as if Reverend Mother was trying to scare the truth out of me, but as we talked I felt that she had a really maternal solicitude for my welfare.

She forbid me to sneak of my condition to any one but assured me if I ever needed care I could count on her for doctors and hospitilization. In the meantime I was to remain at Champaign resting an d accepting all the care that was given me until I heard from her again. Once more I knew God's goodness to me through the members of this community. I recalled my thoughts before entering in November. When told I could not stand the life I turned to Our Lord telling Him that even if I had to face coming out again I would treasure whatever time He permitted me to enjoy the religious lif. I had such a deep love of the life itself bhat I am convinced this putgation was necessary for that perfect union with Our Lord which is free from any self satisfaction.

I was now removed from the surgical to the medical department and Sister Mary Gabriel became my nurse. Not being well enough to visit the chapel I welcomed every occasion on which she came into my room for in her I felt the presence of God. I used to call her "my walking chapel"

Her thoughtfulness struck me as being the thoughtfalmess of Christ Himself. I never had to mention a need of any kind to her for she foresaw all my wants and alleviated hem. Not only was she attentive to my bodily needs, but she was equally considerate of my feelings. Of all the sisters she alone did not question. No allusion was made to the presence of the needles, and I felt in her a sympathy as strong as it was silent. Every time she stepped from the room she left with me a desire to love God more. Hers was the gift to radiate the joy of serving God in perfect fidelity.

I had been in Champaign six weeks when Mother Stephanie stopped in to see me on her way home from Springfield. It was arranged for me to return with her to Kankakee. We made the trip

in an automobile and Sister Marcella and Sister Mary Agnes accompanied me. That night Reverend Mother St. Claire informed me that much as she would like to keep me, she could not do so. "It pains me very much to be obliged to dismiss you, realizing as I do your love of the community. and your unfitness to live happily in the world enjoying its pleasures. But you know that I am not free to follow my own ideas and inclinations. I must do what duty requires and painful as it is to me to frustrate your hopes, we must, nevertheless, face the issue. But I want you always to remember you are my little girl and because you have not the habit it does not mean I have ceased to be your mother. Come to me whenever you need help of may kind."

She cried as she told me this and in my sympathy for her I promised to be as generous as I could in accepting what God was sending.

I could not make her suffer unnecessarily.

However, I told hher that though this apparantly was God's will for the present I had an absolute

assurance that when it came time for me o die

I would then be wearing the habit of this community.

Reverend Mother replied, "My poor child, you
must not live in hope of that. You will adjust
yourself more quickly and better if you give up
all thought of religious life. Surely enough
has happened for you to realize that it is a
physical inpossibility for you to liead this life."

I aid no more to her about it but her \* statement did not lessen my hopes. I was fully aware of the purification needed to make me a fit instrument in God's hands for the good of souls. I had a premonition of much suffering in the fiture in order that this might be effected in me. Only in the stripping of self could Jesus work in me to the glory of His Father. Though I efelt keenly the sacrifice of leaving, my soul was in profound peace and filled ith confidence in His loving care for me. I was wholly unconcerned about my future, what my state of health would be, or how I would earn my living. Reverend Mother then told me that she was taking a sister to Dr. Gerty that same week and was convinced he could help me. Would I accept his services if he gave them gratis? I assured her I would and was especially willing since I knew the doctors in Champaign had suggested a possibility of periodic insanity and amnesia as the explanation of the needles. Reverend Mother also thought that since Dr. Gerty was associated with the Illinois Research and Cook County Hospitals he would be in a position to arrange for such care as she could not procure me.

Mother St. Thomas work accompanied me to Dhicago where I again made my home with Mom
Duby and Peggy.

## CHAPTER IX

Reverend Mother St. Claire called me
the day after I reached home to inform me that
Dr. Gerty would interview me the fallowing day at
the Psychopathic Hospital. In my weakened state
of health it took all my courage to decide to
keep the appointment. I dared not let myself
think of the hour and half rexist ride on the street
cars for I revolted against the fatigue and unpleasantness of the ordeal.

people's opinion of me, but my first meeting with Dr. Gerty confirmed my suspions that they judged me a mental case or at best a fanatic regarding penance. He made it clear to me that if he was to be of any help I must understand that I had to expose my mind and heart completely. In his opinion I was a victim of ammesia and addicted to impurity, using religion and religious practices to cloak my hypocricy. I could only stare at him when he said these words nor was I less confounded when he added, "I can know the said these words nor was I less confounded when he added, "I can know the said these words nor was I less confounded when he added, "I can know the said these words nor was I less confounded when he added, "I can know the said these words nor was I less confounded when he added, "I can know the said these words nor was I less confounded when he added, "I can know the said t

tell by your reaction that I have hit the nail on the head."

For an instante faith and trust in God left me. I thought of Reverend Mother and wondered what she had told him. Could it be that under her apparant gentleness and goodness she harbored these thoughts? My whole being rebelled at the charge. Dr. Gerty then stated he would not question me that day, but if after thinking things over I really desired to be cured then he would be more than glad to see me every Saturday morning. Immediately my soul acquiesed to the will of God and I told Him that if it were true I did not know myself and had offended Him in the way in which I had been accused then I owed it to Him to go through with the examination, cost what it might, and be corrected of these evil ways. I offered the humiliation of these interviews as a pure act of reparation for His glory, surrendering any hope of pardon or reward. After this my mind and soul were unaffected by any turnoil or conflict.

making about fourteen visits of from one to two hours. I know that a special grace was given to me at these times for I had perfect ease in discussing whatever he asked me. I was aware of the special help of the Holy Ghost in explaining the work of grace in my soul. There was not a detail of my life which was not brought out and I freely desclosed to him the nature of the various temptations I underwant.

showed him the X-Rays taken at Champaign he wished pictures taken of the entire body.

Accordingly I was given a card of introduction go Dr. Hubeny, at Cook County Hospital. I was taken up stairs to a public dressing room where I was to change my street clothes for a sufgical gown and take my place in a large waiting room where men and women so attired sat and waited.

I never knew before that human beings could be treated as mere chattel, labelled, exquined, commenteed on, and passed off. But that is the way it seemed. The minutes were long and I wondered

if the clerk at the desk had read the notation on my card. Finally I ventured to walk up and inquire.

"Well, why didn't you say that a long time ago?" was the answer I received. My card was handed to me and I was directed to a private X\*Ray room where a more experienced technician was on duty. They took a series of twenty four pictures and as each was developed interest grow. Technicians came in one at a time till nine were standing around me watching the results. Though they did not speak to me directly there was much cajoling. A message was brought that Dr. Hubeny wished to see me before I left. I was ushered in his office where I sat for fully fifteen minutes without any recognition from him. He did not even raise his eyes from his work until a technician entered with the last picture saying.

"Here is the last picture in that psycho case."

The doctor looked at me over his glaces, "Are you the young lady who is so religious?"

"That depends on what you mean by religious."

"Are you still doing things like this?"
pointing to the picture as he spoke.

"I have discussed that with Dr. Gerty."

Other similar rematks were passed but when he

found me indisposed to talk he apologized for
having detained me.

told me that very definitely I had a religious vocation; that not only were my mental faculties in no way impaired but moreover there was no cause to fear future derangement. He pronounced my moral principles sound; my will strong but misdirected; I must not drain my endurance by forcing myself to undertake what was beyond my strength. For this reason alone he judged me unfit for religious life though he advised my living with the sisters if this were possible. Nothing that he could say weakened my determination to

live as a religious. To Mother Rose and Mother St Thomas he likewise gave the diagnosis of my sanity.

In May I came to Beaverville to spend a week end. On my way home I stopped in Manteno to see Sister St. Sebastian. Mother St. John inquired if I were working yet, stating that she could give me sewing to do if I felt well enough. I remained for a few days to try out my strength, and finding that I had the resistence to do what was required of me I returned home for my clothes. I had only been in the house a few hours when I received a long distance phone call from Mother St. Thomas asking me if I would be willing to stay for a while with her sister-inlaw who was not well. I gladly consented and wrote to tell Mother St. John that I would return as soon as possible. This I did on the twelfth of June.

I could not have looked for a happier argangement. I had no longer to think of pleasing others in meeting social abligations;
I was free to lead a religious life by putting myself under the obedience of a superior. Without

Our Lord's making any declaration of it, I had the conviction he expected this of me, submission in all things as though I had a vow. I was to live in the spirit of a religious without the consolation of sommunity life.

My time was spent in sewing and after my day's work I retared. I sought no emusements or divergences outside some reeding, for themmost part spiritual, My retiring about xim six o'clock brought comments from Hother St. John but Dr. Gerty had cautioned me against over fatigue and since I felt tired I tok the rest reserdless of other' opinions. During the sugger I had sewed especially for the sisters, but wany much of my time was devoted to Dister St. Fatrick, the sister who had gone to Dr. Gerty in March. She had just returned from a senitarium in Eunster, Indiana, and though much improved, was still mentally disruthed and suffered from a persecution complex. Mother St. John bestowed upon her all the material comforts possible but due to her unsympathetic attitude toward the sick and sufferiing she had little patience to be a willing listner evern to her own sister's necessary unburdening. 'he result of this was that "ister St. Petrick came to me at any time of the day or night and without any regard to the length

of time she kept me. I had a deep sympathy for her suffering and was willing to do enything I could no matter what the secrifice, if it would alleviate her. It see to me Providence had permitted me to help her that I might prove my gratitude to "od in being preserved from such a condition. Mother St. John's affection for me was due in great part to the kindness I showed her sister. For hours at a time she poured out her morbid thoughts on all menner of disagreeable and unpleasant subjects. One could not help feel sorry for her as she rehearsed her stories over and over again without any remembrance that she had previously told them. Lot unfrequently she sought me furing themight when overcome with fear or in physical distress,

at times she blamed the dommunity for her condition and then after giving me her opinion of other people's conduct exhorted me not to enter but to remain as I was. She spoke openly of her desire to return to the world, and fearing to appear akward if she did so, questioned me on what was proper in clothing, social getherings, etc.

Contact with a person suffering from such an allfiction mademe realize more than ever GGd's

preserving grace to me and over and over I thanked Him for my vocation.

With the opening of Echool I began to make uniforms for the children. Because my work was satisfactory? I was asked to make dressed and suits for m some of the girls whose parents left their clothing in the hands of the sisters. A few times I sat up to finish garments for certain occasions, and when no serious results came I was expected to lengthen my days regularly. With Mother St. John there was no saying. "No" to a request. It was made in a gracious way that one felt was a cover for a command; then it was followed up by such a remark as, "You must have finished what I gave you to do yesterday. Here be a good girl and get this done by to-morrow." Any statement to the effect that it could not be done was treated as a joke followed by such a possible comment as, "O, you are just saying that so I will be surprised when these are done." Her requests were all the more unreasonable as she did not leave me my time undisturbed. Besides frequent interruptions I was taken from my work on the average of one or two days a week to shopping, cleaning, cooking, or some other thing.

I began to realize that Mother St. John expected me to center my attention on her exclusively. It was necessary for me to sacrifice any relationship. I might enjoy with the other sisters if peace was to be maintained in the house. Difficult as this might seem from a human standpoint I knew Our Lord expected it of me.

Though demied the consolations of religious life it was His desire that I should live in the spirit of a true religious, animated by the spirit of obedience in loyalty to her least desires, no matter how unreasonable they might be. I knew that every resistance to grace in this matter would only prolong the purification He was striving to effect in my soul; The stains of Carmel were not yet effeced and the more generous I proved myself the speedier would I be made pure in His sight. I likewise prayed that the sacrifices I made in this regard would procure for Mother St. John the grace to giveher love to God instead of seeking satisfaction in the love of creatures as she was now doing.

Christmas was approaching and ith it the extra work that gifts entail. This necessitated my working into the night sometimes till two or three in the morning. I can truthfully say I never had any time I could call my own. The strain of this fatigue began to react on me physically and continuous vomiting set in. I

an indiffernetattitude in the matter and led me to believe that it could be controlled by will pow power. After this I never spode to her about it unless questioned. However, the sisters did not refrain from telling me I was foolish to overtax myself since it would only make me more ill and bring no appreciation in the ned. I kept on regardless.

I was even denied the relaxation of a few words at permissible times with those sisters who showed any friendship for me. a It was evident both to the sisters and myself that this was a way of Mother's to keep my love for herself alone. But to me she explained the matter thus; "One who knows what it means to be a good religious and has besides such high aspirations to become perfect, certainly should feel no need for an outlet with creatures."

Whenever it was possible to impose her will upon me Mother St. John did so, even in matters strictly personal, such as the choosing of my

Christmas gifts. She called me to the office and told me I could give this book to Mother Rose Mary, this to Mother St. Thomas; I would make neck ties for John, send stationery to another and to some she forbid me to give anything. Then she tantalized me for submitting remarking that I had no back bone. To accept her will was not so difficult as to withhold a retort. On this occasion I bemember replying, "If you think you have will power by imposing your wishes on me. condider what will power it takes to let you do it." However I never bore a resentful feeling toward Mother for acting this way for God's work was so evident to me I could think of nothing else. The verse of the psalms would recur to me a and give me strength, "I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God rather than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners."

The few days I spent home during the Christmas vacation were not sufficient to relieve the fatigue and nausea, But I continued working as usual and began making vestments for the chapel. Everybody was interested in what I was doing

and since I worked in the room off the office it was easy for the sisters to stop in and say a few words. When this was noticed I was told of it andasked to work behind closed doors so nobody would come in. I sewed steadily (with no interruption for meals since I could retain no food) for from ten to twelve hours daily. On one Saturday night I stopped work at fifteen minutes to five. after bathing I went to the school building to talk to Sister Mary Catherine. When Mother St. John missed me she inquired my whereabouts and when told to whom I was speaking she called for me immediately. "If you asked to stop your work because you were tired what are you doing in the other Building?"

"Twent to speak to Sister Mary Catherine."

"What have you to tell her that you can't
tell me?"

"I was so tired I could not rest in bed;
I did not want to read; I simply wanted to talk
to someone I enjoy for relaxation. Though my
ideals are spiritual I am still imn the flesh."

drew a salary of \$25) a month) and firsthermore if the sisterswere doing their duty as they should be they would find no time to visit." Then I was manifesthermore forbidden to put foot in the other building without a specific permission.

On that I was sent off th bed like a naughty child.

On January 25, I went to Beaverville to attend the ceremony of profession. Sister Mary Theophane who re-entered with me and Sister Mary Ramanuel, for whom I had sacrificed my vocation were taking their vows. Before the ceremony Mother St. Tho mas permitted me to oin on their white vells and say a few words to them. I wanted to assure them that I suffered no regret in not . being able to pronounce my vows with them. I told them this to ease their minds so that their thoughts would be centered on Him alone. I was sincerely happy for them and told them I felt my life was as completely dedicated to the conmunity as theirs, even though I did not have the

habit. When they pronounced their vows I would be beside hem in spirit to re-dedicate my heart to Christ to accomplish His holy will. These few minutes alone meant much to the three of us.

After ceremony I met Mother St. Claire.
One look at me told her of my condition and
without my saying anything she said, "How long
have you been sick?"

"Since the week before Christmas I have been unable to retain any food, Mohher."

"Has anything been done about It?"
"No, Mother, nothing."

"Then I intend doing something about it.

You are still my little girl and I will take care
of you. Find Mother St. John for me and tell her
you are to come to the hespital for rest and
treatment."

It was arranged that I should go to St.

Mary's the following day, but when I was alone
with Mother St, John I realized this was far

from meeting with her approval. I made no reply
to her statements mor allowed myself to be influenced
by them, for I knew the rest was essential.

## CHAPTER X

During mystay in the hespital Mother St.

Claire was as thoughtful and kind as any mother could be. She took it upon herself to see that I was given glucose. Not content with telling the nurses to ring me fruit juice she often came herself to renderme this service and be assured taht allpossible care was given me.

Our Lord permitted that Father Hecker, C.SS.R. who had directed me as a postulant, should be at the hospital for a few days. Once more I was able to open my soul completely to him and to disclose the races received since last I spoke to him. Has time was his own during these days and I was able to apeak fully and at length even supplying information on the facts that he had previously known. He assured me that my baptismal innocence had never been lost, and he did not regard the infidelity in Carmel, that resulted in my dismissal, as a mortal sin. He further assured me that my attitude toward the situation in Mantenowas same and healthy. I was

to go on living as a religious and maintaining silence in regard to Mother St. John. As to her demands I should do as muchas was reasonable but the unreasonable was not necessary. Despite the f fact that my presence created unrest and strained relations between Mother and some of the sisters, I was not to leave Manteno. These circumstances were working a purification intended by God, and I should stay where I was just as though I were bound by vow. The only necessary thing was periect fidelity to the inspirations I was given. As to seeking a director, he did not deem that advisable; he would wouch for the graces I had received; whatseemed extraordinary mystical phenomena in my life was beside the point and in no way conducive to my sanctity; it did not require analysis; God had given me light and correct judgment as to His dealings with me: I was corresponding to grace and all was well; if in the future God gave grace to others through me as He probably would and I needed advice thereon, I should speak; for the present I was to continue as I was doing.

On the second day of my stay at at. Mary's Mother St John called to know when I was returning.

After four calls and one visit Nother St. Claire thought it best, all things considered, that I return. I had been retaining liquid but for two days and was advised to ask for time to rest. My request was disregarded and I was expected to work as usual.

A number of children became ill with the flu end I was asked to help in the infirmary. Since I alept the e eny night duty was my responsibility. When some of the sisters were taken ill also I was forther asked to see th their trays and give a hand in their care. This activity brought on nausee again so that before I could regain any strength I was living without food of any kind even liquid.

Communion Our Lord asked if I would be willing to endure whatever He desired of me, by making free use of my body without any concern for the opinions of creetures. I had the conviction that He would re-enact in my soul the anguish that was his on the way to Calvery and that I would be permitted to endure for His sake

to remain silent for the time for the time being regarding His work within as. I ant about my duties se usual that morning but after dinner while washing the dishes of the sick sisters I seemed to hear Him say within me, "My hour is at hend." I was immediately soised with a dizziness and weakness beyond my control. Mother St. John ceas up just then and brought me to the infirmery to my bed. She helped me turn down the bed covers them left me to undress, Once in bed I was oblivious to enything about me. In the middle of the rue efternoon when I attempted to fuse I found myself too week to do so end fainted. One of the children went for Sister Allnunciate who called Mother. She came to me with two toblets of strychnine and told Sister I had better be put to bed in the dornitory for guest sisters. It was n t till around nine o'clock that I tried again to rise. Distor Monics accompanied me but coming back I fell. As we started to cross the corridor Our Lord bearing his cross was visible coming to meet me. He placed the cross upon me and the weight of it coused me to fall. I felt at that moment the annihilation He experienced in the sight of His Eternal Father and

ridicule and rash judgment. I know that He expected me

the excessive pain and weakness that was His in His journey toward Calvary. Again He asked, "May I do with you what I will?" He seemed to pour all His love and strength into me with His look so that if one had the weakness to refuse it was wiped out. It made absolutely no difference whatsoever how much I was to suffer or how. I could only tell Him I was completely His to do with as He willed. There was no concern for any personal gain and no promise from Him of anything as a reward. All that He has ever desired to accomplish in me has been solely to unite me with Him to glorify His Father. He Himself, chose to impress upon me the imprint of His Holy Wounds, and from His heat He removed V the crown of thorns and placed it on my own. I was conscious of writhing and jerking with pain. for some time, I know not how hong. I was unconscious of the presence of anyone. During this state of unconsciousness Jesus Himself also pierced my heart. He gathered the sorrows from Hos Own Heart and with them fashioned an arrow which He plunged into my heart. Accompanying the pain, I felt an influx of His own divine love for souls. Iknew that nothing else now mattered except that my life whould be poured out for souls. I was

aware of His leaving me and I knew that I was to go on in His place. When consciousness returned I was at the foot of my bed trying to rise. I had not known when Sister Monica wrapped me in a blanket and slid me across the floor to my bed. Now Mother St. John was standing near and I heard her say, "Get up, now," With great difficulty I arose and lay in bed. Shortly after Dr. Phipps came in with what he called a powerful sedative stating he would stay to watch the reaction, It tested like mentholatum (I later learned it was camphor) and as I drank it, I had the consciousness of Ohrist's being presented gall to drink. The same overpowering exhaustion I had previously felt came of over me again and the nervous jerking gave place to quiet.

The next morning Mother St. John came to speak to me and I gathered from her remarks that she thought my suffering was imaginary, that I was simply allowing my nerves to get the better of me. I offered no explanation but in order to conceal the supernature. Occurence I asked her what Dr. Phipps diagnosis had been. She refused to give it but sent me th his office the hext day to find out for myself. He came directly

to the point saying it was nothing but uncontrolled nerves. He offered to prescribe for me and promised that if I were faithful to carry out his advice he would also control the nausea. I thanked him for his offer but left him without any intention of placing mysslf under his care. On meeting Mother St. John again I gathered from her attitude that she thought my interview with Dr. Phipps would effect an immediate permanent cure: she felt assured that I would recognize my conditing as arising from over wrought nerves and have sufficient sense and will power to face the fact and keep myself well and fr e from further spells. I was considered able to resume my work as though nothing had happened and as though I had not been without food for the past two months. Mother had me bring sewing down to the office and work in her presence. After several days of slow, tedious work she finally admitted my incapacity. I had been making a tabernacle weil by hand and due to weakness from lack of food my vision was so affected that I did not see a stitch I made. The work was so poorly done that one of the sisters commented that it looked like a child's play at making doll clothes. I was asked to cut out another tabernacle veil but

knowing the price of the material I was loath to do anything about it. So I told Mother how I felt and emphasized the fact that if she really wented me to cu cut it I assumed no responsibility for it. If I spoiled it she must not blame me. Only then did she admit my fatigue and tell me I had better rest. I knew I could not go on any longer like this and I wrote to Mother St. Claire to ask her advice in order to be sure I was not giving in to myself. My inclination was to break with Mother St. John all together, but I realized this would not be fair to Our Lord for the reperation He expected of me was to live as a religious though I did not have the obligations of one; had I been clothed in a habit I could not have walked out on Him no matter what the difficulties; in my heart I was clothed in a spiritual habit more sacred than one of serge: all the more strongly was I bound.

On Wednesday mothing Mother St. John
became alarmed, due to the expression of my eyes
and told me openly she feared I was losing my mind;
She did not want it to happen at the Academy and
told me I was to go home. It was as useless then as it
had been for the past few weeks to convince her that

my condition was due to weakness from exhaustion and lack of food. That noon I received the following letter from Mother St. Claire.

J.M.J.

St. Mary Hospital Kankakee, Illinois February 2, 1939

My dear Frances:

Why did I not call or write? I was in Chicago yerterday and I preferred to write you this morning.

First, what does one know who has never suffered from the things you are suffering from 2nd. I fully agree with Dr. Gerty's diagnosis "Your nervousness is not due to lack of will power but a neurosis due to physical disorders-operations and the disturbance caused by the needles. In fact, I have repeatedly told you this and you know it! You can not stand too much exertion, not strain. When you get too tired, you need much rest in order to get over these attacks. Now Frances. if I were you. I would go back to your sisters. You know very well that when you feel there is work to be done you want ot push on and go it. In your present condition it is a strain on you just to feel that there is work for you to do, and to be planning on a few minutes of hours to do this work in. I understand just how hard it is for you to concentrate; I've been tired to this extent end understand just how you feel. You know that you improved while you were here, just because you could lie quiet and had nothing to think of, no strain of any kind. You are most willing, but haven't the physical strength to tex yourself! God does not sak the impossible- it is a cross for you not to be able to do the things you would like to do, but you must submit to this. I sincerely trust athat you will not deem that xxxxxxixxxxix it is because I do not want you to be with us but simply because I don't believe you

will feel better until you have had a period of rest, and you know as well as I do that you will not relex sufficiently until you get away. This does not mean that I want you to sever connections with us, by no means! We will always be gald to see you and to hear from you! If we were not so crowded as we are, I woul invite you to come here for a few days or weeks but we have put beds in the sun parlors to accommodate people.

I shall pray that the Holy Ghost may enlighten you and essist you in your present difficulty. I hope you will not be disappointed with my views in this matter but since you asked my advice, I am telling you just what I would tell my own sister by nature. I care much for you and will always be interested in you, but I can't go against my convictions in your case.

When I see Mother St. John I shall tell her just how I feel about everything. I prefer telling her then writing. May God bless you and grant you strength to bear the cross.

Your loving and devoted , Sister St. Claire.

P.S. I am returning the dollar you sent--you need it:

This advice did not contradict Mother St.

John's decision so I prepared to take the train home.

Sister St. Sebastian walked the three blocks to the station with me that afternoon. I knew she suffered keenly from the conflict in her mind brought about by Mohher St. John's attempt to impose her own views concerning me on Sister. But we did not speak of this.

I never so thoroughly realized the need of absolute trust in God, for I had no idea how I would ever reach home, feeling as I did. The father of one

of the children who had been visiting at the Academy went of say good-bye to Mother St. John a few moments before the train was due. She asked him if he would be kind enough to take me into Chicago so he came to the station to get me. I was most grateful to Our Lord for this act of kindness and providence on his part.

My sister showed me much sympathy but my condition gave her further reason for complaint with about my continued association with the sisters.

After I had been several days in bed Mother St. John came to Chicago and phoned me to meet her down town to do some shopping and return with her. From the conversation I had with her she led me to believe that she understood matters and would not be so exacting if I returned. However, time proved that such was not the case. When Mother wanted something accomplished all other considerations were laid aside in her eagerness and enthusiasm to attain her end. The was determined to finish the vestments and chapel furnishings I had started, and the day's work extended into the night. Two weeks of this left me worse off than I was before so I decided to see Dr. Gerty. I rode to Chicago with Sister Mary Catherine, Sister Monica and a group of

girls who were going in for a Cisca meeting. When we arrived at the Randolph Street Station I dreaded parting with them, for it seemed to me that at any mon moment I would sink into unconsciousness. My exhaustion and helplessness cried out ot God for help, for I was powerless and had no human hopes of reaching my destination. My appearance spoke for itself. There was no need to convince Dr. Gerty of my state. of I toad him, in detail, of all that had happened in the past few months. He understood the spiritual experience perfectly, and realized the suffering involved from su a union with Christ. However, barring the spiritual element, a condition of over wrought nerves would be nothing to wender at considering my hours of work and the strain under which I lobored. There was nothing unusual in my presente condition. I was very fookish to allow myself to be governed by the selfish judgment of of others in this case. No matter what way I acted there would be some to critacize and the far more sensible thing to do was todisregard the apanion of others and do what was beneficial to myself. When X reduced to such a condition as I was I received not appreciation from those who had encouraged my working

power fare but misdirected will power forcing me beyond the endurance which God had biven me. He assured me that my judgment was perfectly correct in viewing my condition, and I should disregard the opinions of others and govern myself by actual truth. For the present he suggested six to eight weeks complete rest in bed. Due to sickness at my sister's home I returned to my grandmother's where I stayed for about ten days. Circumstances were not conducive to my taking such a prolonged rest so I returned again to Manteno. \*\*Stex

After I told Mother St. John what Dr. Gerty said she seemed to be more impressed by the fect that I had only sufficient strength to accomplish a certain amount of work and must deep within limits if I hoped to work steadily. Again I found my hopes of shorter hours frustrated. I could never count on Mother St.

Hohn's moderation. Her desires drove everybody and everything before them and I was no exception. The only consideration she showed me was to permit me to sew in bed; to her that was complete rest, but it did not have that effect. When Sister Mary Catherine became seriously concerned about me I told her that I thought in a few

days I would receive an answer to my prayers and know what to do; I felt I could count on the Blessed Virgin's obtaining this grace for me on the twenty fifth of Me. March.

At Holy Communion on that day Our Lord told me to do all I was bid; regardless of the tasks imposed on me He would give me the strength needed and keep me on my feet.

When Sister Mery Catherine came to me at five thirty that afternoon I told her weht Our L'rd had said and sent her to tear off the top sheet of my cale ender and read what was written on the reverse side.

"Dear Blessed ady, if it will be for Sister ary Catherine's good to know what I learned this morning send her up here between five thirty and six." I chose this hour because Sister never came up at that time; to-day she did.

"What did you learn, Frances?"

"I learned that when Our Lord gave me
the grace of themystical marriage He answered your
prayer to disregard your former petition for this grace,
and bestow it on another. I have been given the grace
that would have been yours."

"I am so happy, Frances, to know that this grace stayed in the community and I am still more happy to know you have it. Maybe at your death God will give it to me. If He does I shall ask Him to allow you to be another guardian angel to me, for after the care you have taken of my "wedding dress" I shall need you to see that I do not soil it."

Leter Our Lord re-effirmed this trensfer of grace by presenting to me pictures which both proved and explained it beyond doubt.

few months I was appelled by the kindness and consideration the sisters showed to me, at all times for I knew Mother had freely expressed her opinion to them and that, coupled with outward appearances would have afforded them sufficient reason for coldness or indifference.

Everyone's thoughts were now turned to the summer which was to bring a change of superiors. Nother hoped that because of the financial condition of the house she might be permitted to remain. She was an excellent business women and had done much to better matters, and establish the Academy on a sound credit basis. When it became definite she would have to leave

she held more than ever that I give her all my attention. I knew she suffered from the possibility of my remaining in Menteno in spite of the fact that we had had difficulties. She felt my sympethy and understanding end would have liked to keep me near her. She had not gresped the fact that my remaining in Mentene was to serve the community, and not the gratification of a personal attraction to her, though it was through her that I had been able to love again with the sisters. If she left me in Menteno under the new superior she would be unable to have me transfer to her new mission end I knew she was looking for some way of keeping my services, but yet not letting others see what she was doing. I saw the situation as it stod and was not surprised to have her find fault with me and threaten to discharge me. This would have left her free to then rewhits re-employ me wherever she happened to be sent. Mother had tried in the beginning to have me declare my intnetion of leaving with her, but since I had no such intention every possible meens was used to force the issue. I had obtained Reverend Mother's permission to remain in the house regardless of who was appointed; it necessarily required a serious motive

main on peaceful terms with Mother though at times it was trying beyond human endurance. It seemed to me that she did everything possible to bring about a cause for dismissal, but with him I was able to withstand her antagonism. Another thing that helped me to endure was the fact that I understood that at the bottom of all this Mother really loved me and wanted my companionship. But if she had not yet grasped the fact that my life there was for him alone, then I would have to stand alone in defense of this principle.

My time now was almost wholly occupied with her personal sewing. Much to my surprise she permitted to shar in the preparations for Sister Mary Catherine's silver jubilee by making her habit and veil. I had never done anything for a religious wherein God let me know distinctly that the work of my hands was the expression of his love; each time I sewed for her I enjoyed union with Him and I was grateful for this privelege. I had long felt a deep attraction for Sister Mary Catherine, but so far it seldom found expression. I believe the strained condition brought about by Mother St. John's attitude was Our Lord's way of keeping ithis friendship pure and spiritual.

The only lonesomehess I ever experienced while in menteno was during the two summers that Sister Mary Catherine and Sister St. Sebastian were away at summer school. Whereas I enjoyed pleasant relationships with all the sisters it was with these two I was really intimate. and often we shared our feelings without ever speaking. With them it was a complete and perfect understanding and the very silence of our thion was a source of strength, at least to me, under difficult1 situations. Mother St. John had been very good to me in a material way, but her favorswere always the fulfilling of her own likes and often, in my mind, not conformable to the ideals of religious life. The appreciation expected of me for these gifts was an acquiescence to all her desires, but in conscience I could not do this. Many times in order to be faithful to grase I was ob-

Before school closed it was decided to celebrate Sister Mary Catherine's silver jubilee on the second of July. I wrote to Carmel to ask a novema for her as a jubilee gift. One morning Mother called me to her office to tell me I had received a letter from Carmel, and asked if I knew the reason for my receiving

liged to seem ungrateful and take a stand against her.

one at that particular time. After I told her my reason for writing them she replied that she was reading the letter, for anything concerning Sister "ary Catherine was matter of jurisdiction for her since she was superior of the house. Thereupon she opened and read my letter while I stood by holding my indignation. I never so wanted to tell her what I thought of her. Only "od was able to hold down my Irish that morning. This was one of the uncalled for liberties Mother exercised over me.

As a parting gift Mother St. John gave me the money and time to make a retreet at the Cenecle in Chicagom under the direction of Reverend Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. who has dome from Ireland for the express purpose of preaching in the United States. These few days of prayer and quiet were most happy ones. Father Leen's retreat was based on his book, "The True Vine and the Branches" which explains the mystical body of Christ, our living as other Christs, our continuing his ministry, and our fulfilling those things wanting to his passion. I felt he was explaining my own situation perfectly and would have enjoyed speaking with him, but he was conferring with no one. Most of my free time

was spent in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament where I offered myself repetedly to od to do His holy will that His designs might be accomplished in me

## CHAPTER XI

I stayed with my sister Paegy until Mother

St. Eugene was installed in Manteno and Mother St.

John had kwam taken up her new post at St. Gell's in

Chicago. I clased upon her before leaving for Manteno,

and I realized more that ever how much my presence meant
to her, especially now when she had so little under
standing from the sisters.

when I returned to Manteno I had no sooner stepped into the house than I sensed a different attitude created by the change of superiors. The peace of His abiding presence had glooded upon us; the quiet reverence in the atmosphere everywhere forced me to think of just Him, and all else seemed to take care of itself.

under Mother St. Eugene my duties remained much the same but I approached her with an all together different attitude experiencing the perfect esse and freedom of a child with its mother. Although I had as much work as before I did not geel a force behind me, and when I was tired - could go to rest and relax with an easy ming.

The suffering Our Lord had predicted when

He imprinted His wounds on my body seemingly accomplished the purpose He intended, and He was about to further His work in me. Toward the end of September a severe spellax of nauses prevented me from keeping not only food but even water, and I was so weakened that I was obliged to keep to my bed. "he inability to hear wass and receive Holy Communion was a real suffering so, on the first Friday, October third, I arose and thought to go th "ass. Sister Mary Catherine saw me and advised me not to attmpt welking over to church. I complied and united myself instead to those attending Mass. Just at the moment when "oly Communion was being distributed at church I beheld the Secred Heart in His glorified body studing wax at the foot of my bed, and with Him the Blessed Mother and St. John the beloved disciple. For a moment I was filled with fear and then "e said. "Fear not, it is I." I was impressed with His watreme longing to give Himself to souls and knew He would go to any lingths to satisfy such desires of love. He placed His right hand on the wound of His side, which was eviden t on His breast, and drew forth a host with the words, "This is My body." St. John kneglt to receive It and then advanced toward me that I might receive Holy

Communion. It was a communion such as I received at any other time—the host was substantially the same;

Although I saw the figures of those present I knew were I to reach out of touch them I whould not feel them substantially as I sensed the host on my tongue. They were a spiritual reality. The Sacred Heart bestowed upon me His blessing and then the figures vanished.

The thanksgiving after this communion was utter one of stillness are where eres of a sense of being wait enfolded in the infinite holiness and goodness of my Beloved. Nothing of the future was revealed to me. but I had s strong conviction that God was about to begin His work for souls through me and that it would take on a more outward manifestation. For weeks after I experienced a great peace and a confidence in His personal direction of my soul. More than ever I was convinced of my nothingness and of the fact that God, did not need me but would in His goodness make use of me. As a result of this communion I felt a supernatural strength which enabled me to rise and resume my work even though the nausea continued until October fifteenth. the feast of St. Theresa. Almost daily after receiving Holy Communion Our Lord asked me to repair by my love

what "e suffered from souls making sacriligious communions, particularly those in the house.

On October fifteenth, feast of the great St. Theresa, while waiting in church for Mass to begin. Our Lord permitted me to see the great St. Theresa of Avila and Father Delaplace, the founder of this Congregation. They faced each other kneeling on either side of a great pit from which issued leaping flames of fire. I understood this to be the abyss of divine, merciful love. St. Theresa held a large cross transparent in its whiteness and I knew this was symbolic of myself. She reached it across to Father Dela place whose face was expressive with love and understanding for the weak things of earth. He grasped and held in his hands the extended arm of the cross. St. Theresa had not entirely given over the burden of it but had asked his help in bearing it. In this manifestation I had the firm assurance that the contemplative vocation fostered in Carmel would find its fulfillment in hy life as a Servant of the Holy Heart of Mary; Our hely mother St. Theresa had never abandoned me but had confided me to one who sought with the heart of the Good Shepherd to bring back into the fold an

erring sheep Together they plunged the cross into the abuse of fleemes that it be enkindled onew and purified by Christ's merciful love. I felt that through me there would be a mingling of the contemplative and righter farred with the active life of the Servents of the Holy Heart of Mary. To the characteristic spirit of femily love so evident in this community would be joined the Carmelite spirit of penance and sacrifice. This gave me the further realization of the perfect apostolate in which the purchase price of souls is generated by one's interior life and mpirit spent in works of zeal for the active life. On this occasion elso Our Lord asked me if I would be willing to endure an advent of sickness, He promised it would not prevent mefrom performing my usual duties, but before accepting I was to submit His desire to Mother St. Sugene. Her equiescence and my resultant illness would occasion criticism on the part of those who felt she neglected me, and this suffering he also wished accepted in advence and offered in union with mine. Our Lord was pleased with our conformity to His will and gave tangible wrang evidence that it was really he requesting these sacrifices for souls.

presence of the Blessed Trinity Our Lord permitted me to realize the state of soul of any one I met, not make their state of perfection but the presence or absonce of sanctifying grace within them. Now Our Lord began to manifest in particular instances the actual states of certain souls and what His desire was in regard to them. Sometimes He requested that this desire be made known to them; at other times He gave me this knowledge as a stimulus to urge me to greater sacrifice and more prayer in an effort to turn them from sin or help them advantin the spiritual life.

to me that one of the children in the house was receiving Holy Communion secriligiously because she was guilty of unconfessed sins of impurity. The Second went asked me to make thisknown to the superior that she might solicit souls to offer reperation. I was also to make known to her his desire of manifesting himself to me inthe future, and while in Menteno, making these occasions known to her. It was at this time that he told me if I had not remained fiithful to him during Mother St. John's superiorship I would not be

the recipient of such graces as these. Whereas they were a pure gift of His love He had nevertheless made them dependent upon fidelity during this period of trial.

necessary to reveal them to my confrssor lest my inagination impede God's work. I did not think it advisable to baide any longer by Father Hecker's decision to remain silent conderning God's action in my soul. Therefore I spoke to Reverend Aloysius Ellacuria, C.M.F. the regular confessor, asking his advice and permission to divulge this knowledge to Mother St. Eugene. Father accepted what I told him, commenting very little upon it. He sanctioned my following Our Lord's request asking me to inform him about the results.

I wrote what had happened and handed the account to Mother St. Eugene. I had never spojen to her on spiritual topics or about myself yet I was perfectly at ease and had no fear of her not accepting what had happened just as it was meant and in the light of Truth and grace. The next day she called me and spoke openly with me concerning the matter although I did not divulge the name of the child. It grieved Mother to think there

was such a condition in the house. She was most willing to do anything to further Our Lord's desires, and told me to tell Him if He manifested Himself again that she would be pleased to do anything He requested, in this matter or in any other matter.

The following Thursday night when I stopped in the chapel to make a visit to the flessed Sacrament Our Lord again manifested His presence and this time revealed that the child's failure in purity was not alone; asister was also swm implicated in this sin. The Sacred Heart now asked me to appeal to the child. I was to tell her how I knew her state of soul and beg her to repair the past by a good confession: moreover I was to expose to her the danger of her losing final perseverance if she persisted in this infidelity. I asked Our Lord why He chose to warn the child rether than the sister, and "e replied that the sister had become so insensible to grace that she would not respond to this mark of condesension on His part. The child. on the other hand would profit by this expression of His merciful love, not only now but in the future. Again I waited to carry out His desire until I submitted the incident to Father Aloysius. his time Our Lord

did not request me to speak to Mother about the sister concerned.

The following day, Friday, I went to Sister Mary Catherine's office in the late afternoon to ask her ofor my money which was locked in the file. I was planning to take one of the girls to Chicago the following day to do some shopping so I took twenty one dellors to my room and placed it in my purse, in the dresser drawer. I did not return to my room until after supper. When I took my purse to put in it the list of errands I had to do. I found my money gone. I looke d cerefully for it before reporting it to Mother, thinking I might have mislaid it, but when search proved to no avail I wnet to the other building to tell her about it. It was a cause of much grief to her and after consulting with Sister Maty Catherine, an immediate and thorough search was begun. Eleven of the thirty one dollars was in a sealed envelope, the flap of which bore a fine blue lines the last of a box of stationery I had. None of the girls had paper like it and we thought that to be a good clue. In searching stands in the dormitory we found a similar envelope but on opening it saw not money but a note proving that the sins of impurity revealed to me were a fact? The identity of both parties was

brought of light another envelope of notes from the guilty sister. That evening when things had quieted down Mother called me and asked if I were aware of the guilt of anyone besides the child I had spoken of.

Thinking she meant another child, I said, "No." To me the taking of this money simply indicated God's way of disclosing the situation. I spoke to Father when he came but he merely said to await the further expression of God's will.

A few days after this Reverend Mother St. Emily cam for her canonical visit. One one occasion when I met her in the house I jokingly said, "Don't forget there are secularized sisters in France and that is what I am here. Remember to make a date with me. " I did not foresee what a serious turn our visit would tuke. My lest few visits with Reverend Mother hed made me feel very much at home with her. It did not take me long to realize that Reverend Mother had been informed of what had taken place the past few weeks. Someone had told her that during sister's interview with her I had spent the time in the chapel. "Did you do this of your own volition, or was it a request from Our Lord?" "It was of my own doing, but during that

time Our Lord revealed to me that sister had not been open with you." I could see that this surprised her. She asked if I would mind telling her what the sister had concealed. When I saw she was aware of the sins committed in the house I spoke to her of what I knew. Reverend Mother said little, but asked me to continue my prayers and sacrifices without talking about it to anyone.

I also spoke to Reverend Mother of Our Lord's request for an advent of sickness, for these two souls, and I assured her I was happy to acquiesce. The period between October fifteenth and the beginning of advant was one of physical well being such as I had not end joyed in a long time. When I told Sister Mary Catherine I did not expect ot be well during advent I mentioned that advent begins on Saturday at first vespers and wondered if I would be well until Sunday of if Our Lord would begin as soon as twelve o'clock struck, on Saturday. At dinner time (11:45) I went to table with a good appetite and ate heartily till I was half through my desert. Miss welly and Laretta Paul were eating with me and all three of us conversed and jiked during the meal. As they were driving to Kankakee they excused themselves as soon as they had finished eating. They had no more than left when I was conscious of the presence of Christ as He appeared on the way to Calvary. He did not speak, but I understood it was time to sher His sorrow ever these souls as He had asked of me for the advent season. He remained with removed the crown of thorns from His head and placed it on mine. The intense pain of this crowning produced a severe nausea with a dizziness and blindness that made me fear I could not reach my room unsided. Buth Hollett accompanied me and several times I thought I should fall. I was only semiconscious of the help she gave me and of the care of the sisters till bunday night. The acute pain from the drown of thorns and the sorrow of Christ obliterated all else. Monday morning I was wholly conscious but the exhaustion I felt was such as one feels after a long period of illness, however, I was able to unite mysslf to the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Agein Our Lord granted me the special grace of receiving Holy Communion by a supernatural act of His goodness. This time He ceme in the company of Our Fether Founder. Christ appeared in His glorified body bearing the marks of His crucifixion. These wounds were also evident upon the hands and feet and heart of Our Father Founder.

I was conscious that these were hidden in his lifee time but that his life had been one of close union with Christ crucified. Before I received Holy Communion Our Father said, "My child, go to Reverend Mother, and ask that you may be allowed to return again the the congregation. I desire that you should be my daughter and I plead for you in the presence of the Adorable Trinity. My continual intercession on your behalf will be the security for all the spiritual and physical requirements demanded for your return. Love the comgregation, dear child, and give your self to its cause. In the year that is to come, your state of health will be unquestionable. Ask Reverend Mother a rule of life by which she may determine your fitness for the religious state. I shall obtain such graces as you need to be faithful to her requirements. Let me know, above all. that you are mine by the spirit in whichyou live. I keep watch over you from heaven."

Then as before Our Lord took a host from the wound in His side and presented it to Our Father who advanced from the foot of the bed. I knelt in my bed to reveive Holy Communion, then both Our Lord and Our Father disappeared. A great peace and

confidence flooded my soul together with the assurance of a supernatural strength that would sustain me in anything. When relating to Sister Mary Catherine what had happened in the morning I learned how Our Father had told Mother Mary Anthony that since he was unable to visit America during his life he would surely come after his death. As far as Sister knew this was the first time he made his coming known. I arose for a few hours that day and on Tuesday resumed my duties as usual.

When I went to confession I related to Fether Aloysius what had happened, and told him he would know the truth of what I said by the death of Sister Mary Melanie the following morning. This proof was given me in the confessional while I was speaking to Father. During this same confession Father sanctioned my talking to the child guilty of impurity. I sought her out alone and openly revealed her state of soul to her, begging her to exemps correct her fault. She did not deny any of my statements, but told me it was her business and she had no intention of giving it up. This talk with her convinced me more than ever of the necessity of prayer and penance to redeem souls. A few days later when I met her alone she walked up to me and with an almost diabolical expression on her face

hissed. "I hate you, ""

I rendered an account of this and my illness at my next confession. "Fether told me that since my sickness was evidence of Our Lord's action in my soul I should refuse him nothing, nor was it necessary to wait for permission to follow the inspirations of grace. I needed but to render an account when he came. At this time Our Lord requested that I remain before the Blessed Sacrament during the whole of each Saturday night.

One day at visit Our Lord askedme to tell Mother St. Eugene that by delaying to admonish the sister concerned, she was withholding his grace. whote her the following note.

Mother,

Our ar Lord presented me His Adorable Heart last night, pierced and bleeding! And as the drops of His precious blood fell, they formed a stream that He would let flow over souls -- the particular ones here-but It was held as it were, in a channel with a closed

gate. I understood it to be your silence. He longs for you to present them his Mercifullove and no longer hold in check the precious blood that will wipe out all offence. If it is at all possible let them be made white as snow for Him at Christmas. He has permitted us to know of this case to bring about a greater spirit of reperation -- and He wishes to use you to give Himself to souls in a special way. His suffering souls

was present all night.

Toward the middle of advent Our Lord appealed to me to make a novena of vigils, again for these same souls. When Mother had spoken to sister she assured her that at her suggestion the child had confessed and all was well. Mother was jubilant when she told me what hasd happened but Our Lord gave me the conviction that another bad confession had been made. He would tell me when things were righted.

The next time I went to confession to Father Aloysius I told him Our Lord's request for the noveme of vigils which I had already be un and of the indident which had taken place. Our Lord made it known to me in the confessional that I should tell Father, as a proof of all this, we would receive word within forty eight hours of the death of Mother General in France. My lack of surprise when Mother St. Eugene told me about her death made her exclaim, "You knew this was coming, didn't you?"

A night of two after the vigils were over

I detected a most foul odor in a class roome
as I passed it to go to my room. I thought it to be the

stench of sin and later learned this room was the meeting place where sin was committed. Between nine and nine thrity (I was still up) I was aware of the presence of Saten who was infuriated with me. The peace and calm of soul I was able to maintain only seemed to aggravate him the more. Hecelled upon countless other demons to vent their anger on me, but it availed them nothing. Theh I felt it myself struck across the back; the blow caoming so unexpectedly and cau sing so much pain threw me to the floor. Hysterical laughter resounded in my ears; I made the sign of the cross and used the holy names of Jesus and Mary but at this I saw what seemed to be flames of fire spit at me. The heat was real producing a burning sensation as it reached me. For what I judge a period of three of four minutes Saten himself whipped me with what I thought to be a knotted cord. I began to say the memorare and the illumaned figure of the Blessed Mother appeared at the head of my bed and the diabolical attack ceased; the devils fled. This noise and distubbance was heard by Sister Monica and the girls in the dormitory two rooms distant and I was questioned about it the next day. by Dister mary Cetherine to whom the incident had been

told. I simply replied that the matter was of too sensational a nature for discussion. No more wassaid about it but Sister knew the devil had vented his regardant me.

On December twenty fouth about five I stopped in the chapel for a short visit. Our Lord presented to me the soul of the child for whom I had prayed. I saw a globe all grey and disfigured with spots of black.

Not a bit of light was to be seen in it. Then a hard was raised and as I heard the words of absolution pronounced the Precious Blood flowed over it, leaving it brilliant with the brilliancy of a cloud through which the sun shines. I knew Our Lord had a cleen resting place in her heart now and we participated in his joy in a particular manner.

I returned from my Christmes vecation on the day before New Years in order to spend the might in presence of the Blessed Secrement. This vigil was of my own volition offered in repagation for sins of impurity that might be committed during the night revealry.

Shortly efter the children's return a number of them become ill with the flu end I was

asked to help in the infirmary. Besides the fatigue of this activity Our Lord permitted me to wear His crown of thorns. He usually asked this particular suffering to repair the disobedience of religious. During this period my greatest suffering was my limited capacity for suffering in face of the overpowering need to compassionate Christ. My care of the sick afforded me an outlet to serve Christ for in each child I waw Christ's living reality and all that I did was done to Him. Despite the additional work I did not eliminate the Saturday wight vigils unless it was to remain at the bedside of a child seriously ill. Of these there were several and when one passed the critical period another became auite ill. It so happened that a high school girl was take with acute appendicitis and rushed to the hospital. Since she had no home to go to and was too poor to afford a sufficient period of hospitilization she came back to the Academy and was placed in the guest room just off the chapel. I was assigned as her special nurse and rejoiced over the assignment since my nearness to the chapel permitted me to make of almost every night a vigil.

On Jenuary 29, I felt so sick and tired that I took my temperature. The thermometer registered 105.6. When I reported this to Mother St. Sugene I was sent to bed and every possible care and consideration was given to me by lister Mary Cetherine, Edd I been a member of the community I could have received no more detected care that I did. I considered it a special mark of kindness on the pert of Our Lord to permit Sister Mary Catherine to care for me since she understood and appreciated His life within me. In her keeping I felt both physically and spiritually secure. Seeing her spend herself for me as she did occusioned me suffering and enxiety for I realized that she was far from well herself. On Thursday afternoon I had a temperature of 102 but not withstanding theis had a firm conviction that on the following day, the feast of Our Lady's purification all semblance of Illness would leave me. That night when Sister come I told her this and she asked if I thought Our Lord would bring me holy Communion as He had before, especially since the morrow was not ai only the feast of Ourl "ady but the first Friday

as well. I replied. "I wouldn't be surprised." The next morning Sister was more thoughtful than ever in the care she gave me and in the way she prepared my room for His coming. " was deeply touched ik by the spirit of faith "e gave her and I felt that Our Lord permitted her loving devotion on this occasion to supply for the little I had to offer Him. "or this reason her solicitude gave me real joy. Before she left I saked Sister to give me the badges of the Sacred "eart in the table drawer. If He came I had permission to ask Him to bless them. Itwas shortly after 7 o'clock when I experienced the presence of the Sacred Beart. He appeared first at the foot of my bed and then advenced toward me standing beside the little table where lay the badges I had intended . asking Him to bless. It was without my asking that He did so with a host that He drew efrom the wound of His side. He designated the person who wasto receive each of the four badges and to each He gave respecial blessing. Though He did not utter it in words I had the firm conviction that this was the beginning of the mission of merciful love in an external manner.

After He placed the host upon my tongue I was no longer conscious of my surroundings. In December I had been told that special graces would be given in Manteno on this day but I had no awareness of my being the recipient. I knew that Sister Mary also received a special grace that day but I did not knew it s nature.

St. Eugene, Sister Mary Catherine, Dister Gerard, and St. Jude Seminary. I told Sister Mary Catherine of their having been blessed but did not reveal the her the name s of those who were to receive them nor photo the blessing given. With the bedges I had a button of the Sacred Meart which also received a special blessing. Our Lord did not mention to whom it was to be given but presented me a picture of the person in question. He was a man of about forty years of age whom I would meet at a future date. He would be wearing secular clothes but in reality He is a priest. This meeting will be a turning point in his life.

That day I did not carry temperature so the following day I was up for a part of the day. Sunday mix night Sister Annunciata, the regular

infirmation, took sick and I begged Mother to let me take her place for she was quite at a loss what to do.

Sister ary Catherine and Sister Monica were already in bed with the flu and there was no one available for the infirmary. humanly speaking I did not know how I would face it but I felt that He was permitting this for a purpose and would somehow state in me.

Shortly after this Reverend Bother stopped for a day in "anteno. She had told me when I had visited Beaverville at Christmas time that Our Father Founder would have to give her proof of his desire to have me return to the novitiate. She questioned me as to whether this would be given or not, while she was speaking to me I had afirm conviction that she proof would not be any estraordinary manifestation, but ant in the precedure of obtaining re-admission all would be accomplished in an extraordinary way. I told her this. The only replied, "We shall wait and see," I had already been given the assurance that I would return to the novitiate on the thirty first of way, but hadmentioned this to no one but Sister "ary Catherine.

On the night of February 27, I retired about ten thirty. Kneeling beside my bed to say my night prayers I was aware of the presence of our Father Founder. I felt him place his hands on my head and bless me before he said, "My child, my dear child, I have come again to renew my promise of being responsible before God and the superiors of our congregation for the spiritual and physical requirements needed to allow your return to the novitiete. Tell Mother St. Emily you shall be able to fulfill the obligations of the canonical year without ever missing a religious exercise because of any physical ailment. In every way you shall appear to be just what a Servent of the Holy Heart of Mary should, and always of service to your community. Almighty God will make use of all this 66 its fulfillment as one of the contributions of the American Province toward the cause of my bestification. Because of my love for your holy mother, St. Teresa, she confided you, her wayward child to me he so loves the weak. Remember first of all the needs of the community. Obstacles to your entrance may be permitted to keep you in this house (Menteno). Let your

spirit of faith grow inthis time of sacrifice that you may the more worthily be embraced by the family spirit. I am your guarantee before God. Again ask Mother St. Emily to become a member of our dear congregation. Love Jesus, my child, and His holy will shall be done. With "ary. I guard your sould." Then opening his hand he showed me fave white balls resting in its palm. I knew that a council meeting had been gaited held in Kankakee that day but I was unawere that the question of my return to the novitiate was brought up. When Father Aloysius came for confession the following day I told him of what happened. He immediately offered to take me to see Reverend Mother who was then in Momence to tell her what had happened. After I had acquainted her with Our Father's message she imposed upon me as a practice to make a half hour's meditation before Mess and to retire not later than nine o'clock. This was not to bind me should Our Lord or Father lesius request vigils.

asked that every night be spent in vigil. On Holy

Thursday at Holy Communion He asked intingueryxnight

enter the novitiate. There was scarcely a night during this time in which Our Dord did not bestow special graces upon my soul or grant me vivid lights on the interior life and his love ofor souls.

The union I experienced with Him during most of these nights was one which made me wholly reaction to the moral unconscious of time, yet the physical suffering in which He permitted me to share was intense. not recall ever having to fight sleep during the vigils though at times diring the day even when doing active work, the sense of fatigue and drowsiness was overwhelming. Everything which occured at this time only seemed to prove that His power is made perfect in infirmity and that I could do all things in Him who strengthened me. It was not merely a pouring out of my life for Him but the pouring out of His divine life and love through me for souls. In the graces bestowed it was most often His merciful love that was manifested. I so not remember any period of my life when so many demands were made on me for active service and yet I had strength to fulfill them all with a noticeable improvement in weight and health.

The only encouragement Reverend Mether mave me about my re-entrance was to tell me she had asked the Mother-house to sanction my return, and was awaiting a reply. I had the assurance that this would come on the thrid of May, feast of the finding of the Holy Cross, which it did, On May fifth I received a letter from Reverend Mother calling me to Beaverville. She told me that my request had been granted and I would be permitted to re-enter on the thrity first of way, feast of wary Mediatrix od all graces, and this year frest feast elso faturent of the Sacred eart. I was told that Very Reverend Mother Mary of Providence had expressed the desire the t if I were ever able to re-enter I should be named Sister ary "ediatrix since God had given me as a mission in life to be a mediatrix of grace.

and happy. All the sisters were glad to see my
hopes realized and did all they could for me. Mother
St. Eugene saw to my clothing and the things I would
need. I was touched at their attentions and gelt
the peng of separation keenly for I had been unders
stood and trusted with the direction of work as

though I were professed. Novitiate life in itself would entail a subjection wholly contrary to my present life.

The morning of May thirty first Father
Aloysius came to read mass and give me Holy Communion
for the last time in the chapel. About one o'clock
he returned to drive me to Beaverville with Mother
St. Eugene and Sister St. Sebastian.